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Price 30 Cents

T.B. In Prison Camps: Cypriot Claim

months with Moscow. And the moral issue? How many countries can be trusted to use any weapons sold to them in a way acceptable to British opinion? And does it help us to sleep more comfortably if we know our city or village is uninhabited with the exception of a few foreigners made planes and bombs? And of British? Surely we must dispute Indonesia's right to have an air force—so let Britain sell the planes.

Recognition
Ottawa, Jan. 18.
A resolution proposing Canadian diplomatic recognition of Communist China was placed on the Commons order paper today by Mr Harold Winch, a CCF (Socialist) member.—
Reuter.

He said that one of the most effective weapons against such activity was the revolutionary vigilance of the Soviet people. He added that it was only by depending on the vigilance of the workers that the Soviet security organs can intercept in a decisive way the clandestine activity of the Imperialists and bring to light and put an end to all the plots of their spies in our country.—France-Presse.

Race 6—Larc Tolomp ho: Race 8—Salome

"The council must therefore dissociate itself from Sir Frank Newnam's conclusion..." — China Mail Special.

In one of a series of six programmes on British Broadcasting Corporation television about major battles of the last war, he said his will made, this directed.

The Field Marshal said: "The question of my right to possess the document was raised by a Labour Member in the House of Commons some years ago.

"Winston Churchill very rightly said that 'anybody who surrenders to the enemy' is entitled to keep the receipt.

"That finished it.

"I will never part with the original surrender document so long as I am alive."—Reuter.

Enquiries and Sales through G.E.C. Showrooms
Alexandre Humeau Arcade, Tel. 36951

Attending doctors said the boy would be fit to return home within fifteen days but probably would remain here to permit plastic surgery to cover the ugly scar from eye to mouth.—U.P.I.

City Chevrolet—Fadden St. H.K., Tel. 2000, 2410
Eastern Chevrolet—Chatham Road, -101, 6544, 6310

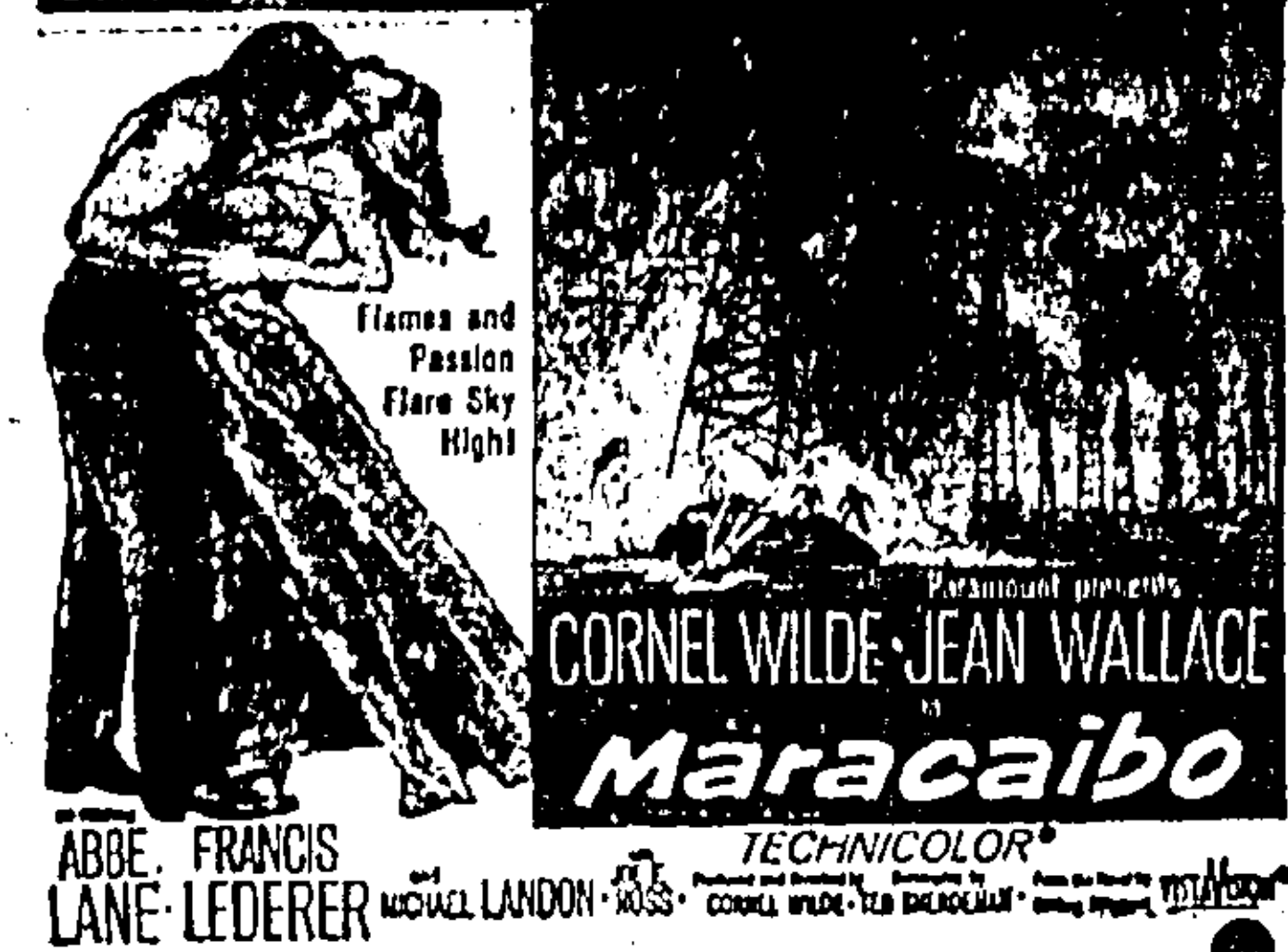
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KING'S PRINCESS

— GRAND OPENING TO-DAY —
Cornel Wilde at His Greatest Performance as the
Devil-May-Care Adventurer Fighting and Romancing
in Venezuela!

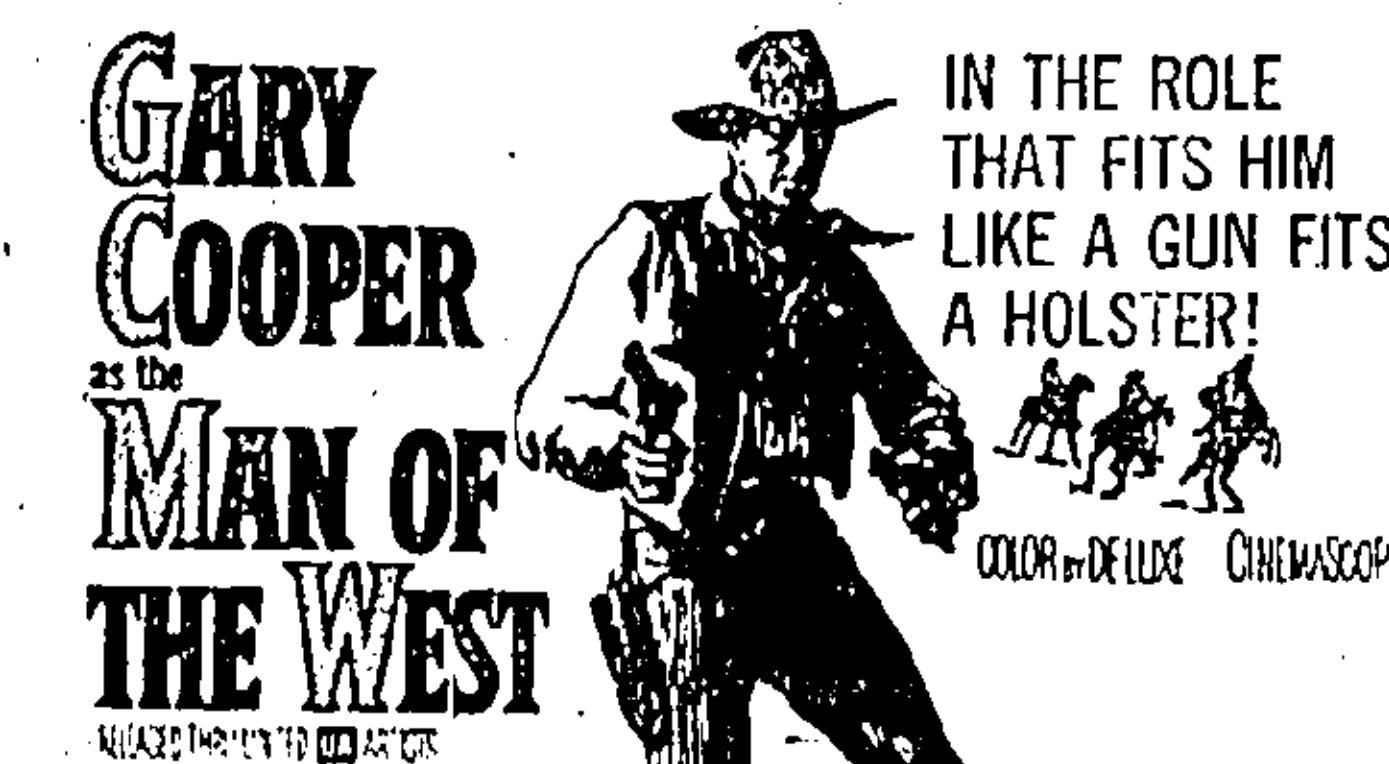
OVERWHELMING ACTION! IRRESISTIBLE ROMANCE!



WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
AT KING'S
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.
"TOM & JERRY" "PETER PAN"
CARTOONS
To-morrow At 12.15 p.m. To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.
"STUDENT PRINCE" Tyrone Power in
CinemaScope & Technicolor "ABANDON SHIP"
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



COMING ATTRACTION



Law and Disorder

a Paul Soakin Production starring
MICHAEL REDGRAVE ROBERT MORLEY
BRITISH LION FILMS

A Twentieth Century-Fox Release

WATCH FOR THE OPENING DATE!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW • AT REDUCED PRICES
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
20th Century-Fox presents Elvis Presley
Pierre Cressoy in
"GIUSEPPE VERDI" in
In Glorious Color "LOVE ME TENDER" in CinemaScope
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show at 11 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

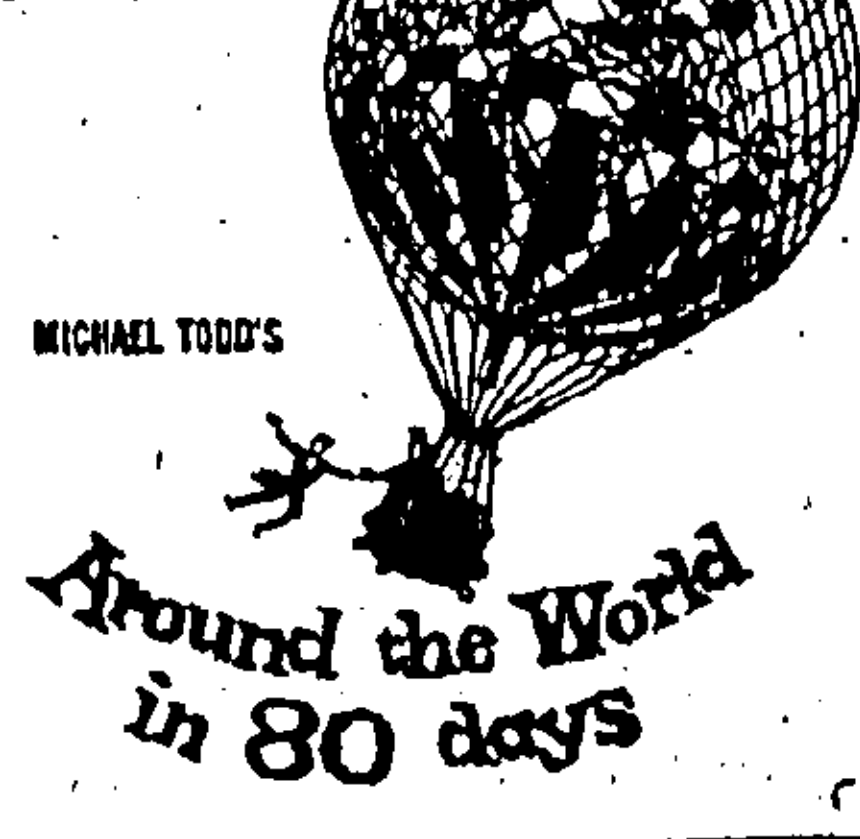
STAR METROPOLE

3rd GLORIOUS WEEK
NOW SHOWING THE 19th DAY
3 SHOWS TO-DAY — Please note special times:
AT 2.15, 5.30 & 8.45 P.M.

The World's Most Honored Show

52 BEST
PICTURE
AWARDS
& WORLD-
WIDE
HONORS

DAVID NIVEN
"CAPTAINS
BOAT"
ROBERT NEWTON
"SHEIKH ARABIAN"
Presenting 40 "Golden
Oscar" Awards
Presenting 40 "Golden
Oscar" Awards



3 SHOWS TO-MORROW AT 2.15, 5.30 & 8.45 P.M.
SPECIAL ADMISSION: Loge \$6.00, Back Stall \$4.70,
Middle Stall \$3.50 & Front Stall \$2.40.
STAR & METROPOLE Town Booking (Office Hour)
United Artists, China Inc., Room 618, Alexandra House
STAR Town Booking (Also Office Hour)
Room 201, Great China House, Queen's Road, C.
METROPOLE: To-morrow Morning Show At 11.00 a.m.
M. C. M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. Glenn FORD in
"THE FASTEST GUN ALIVE"
At Reduced Prices

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by
ANTHONY FULLER

THIS has been quite a remarkable week at the cinema. Two of the previewers placed before the critics are such masterpieces as "The Old Man and the Sea," Hemingway's universally acclaimed novel made into a film, and "The Roots of Heaven."

Those who follow the big films will be aware that the two pictures are absolutely different in story, casting, and every other detail of production, including script, and scene, yet by the coincidence of showing, I was able to discern a strong similarity in theme.

The two films caused no stirring in the exhibitors' row-cots. In fact, "The Old Man and the Sea" was considered of doubtful interest for Hongkong audiences.

I am certainly not going to contradict such a finding. On the other hand, if such a premise is true, then the Hongkong film audience, by its own judgment, must reckon itself insensitive to culture.

"The Roots of Heaven," also made no impact on the viewers, although having a wider field of action, and an exceedingly attractive Miss Greco, its chances are stronger.

Leaving that where it is, I want to speak of the extraordinary coincidence of these which lifts both films out of the precise rut and poses for the audience the challenge of human dignity.

In both films, the story is symbolic. The challenge to man in "The Old Man and the Sea," is the personal conflict symbolised by a fight with a great fish.

For three days and nights, the old man wrestles with the sea monster, until with torn hands and aching limbs, and exhausted body, he tries to beat off the sharks which dispute his booty.

Dawn finds him returning with a skeleton of the giant fish. The Old Man is broken, utterly broken, but he is not defeated.

All the time one is in the presence of this great film, one is aware of that appeal to human dignity. And no little credit for this fine theme coming over so well is due to the fact that Director, John Sturges has matched Hemingway's language with some fine shots. As the Old Man collapses in the boat, he says these words which I copied into my notebook.

"Man is not made for defeat. A man can be destroyed but not defeated."

"The Roots of Heaven," uses wild elephant herds as the symbol, and the obsession of Trevor Howard the idealist, to present the theme, the destruction of the elephant herds is linked with man's infinite capacity for destroying and defeating the highest hopes and aspirations he entertains of himself.

The cover of a book, flashed momentarily upon the screen, read by a thoughtless character, gives the link. The book is about the atom bomb. Just a glimpse, and that is all we need to know.

Trevor Howard, the idealist, a young and impulsive character, is shown collecting signatures for a petition he wishes to place before the French Colonial Governor, to stop the destruction of elephants for their ivory. His most dramatic work here, "Kill, kill, kill, so that we can have a few more billiard balls and paper knives."

The parallel is easy; man kills, kills, kills, that he might have... what? Peace on earth? For that is the cry of all parties.

There is fine dialogue. Trevor Howard is apparently the idealist in any cause. But the film drives the point to a conclusion where the idealist has to take militant action to obtain his purpose.

As Howard is joined by men of similar mind, we see also that there are those who would use his cause to further their own ends. This is so obvious in planation.

Praise must be given to the actors. Errol Flynn rates very high as the drunken Englishman attracted to the hero's cause. And Miss Greco, as an attractive heroine, is also excellent as one in love with the conservationist and in sympathy with his cause.

I shall leave a more detailed review to such time as the film is shown, and return to my first reason for writing about these two films.

Both "The Old Man and the Sea," and "The Roots of Heaven," represent the revolution that is taking place in the Arts. For a generation, the emphasis has been upon the world external to men, in which men, inspired by a theory that places man within the orbit of a material universe, has degraded man to a thing, a scientific object, subject alone to the appeals of history, what

ever that means, and controlled by forces which some men imagine they have mastered.

The result of such a theory finds expression in the books of Koestler in which man is utterly defeated. More concrete evidence is said to be established in the dreadful concentration camps, the gas chambers, and the eilins of Moscow. But as ever, the artists lead the revolt.

The two films under review state emphatically that there is within man, no matter what the circumstances, a spirit which will not admit defeat.

"The Sun goes down, the bracer's flames expire, But in the heart of man, burns the undying fire."

Within twenty years, we can have such contradictory premises.

The despairing George Orwell wrote in his novel 1984: "If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on the human face—forever."

Now compare the words already quoted, placed into the mouth of Spencer Tracy: "Man can be destroyed but not defeated."

If I have made these films seem highbrow, I am mistaken. Obviously, they are not for the shallow, superficial, those whose horizons are bounded by the trash they call life; but I believe that fundamentally, people care more for the things these excellent films pursue, which provide first rate entertainment in so doing. Thus the screen comes into its own again.

★
"MARACAIBO" is both the name of the film, showing at the King's and Princess, and also the name of an oil town in Venezuela.

"Maracaibo," is the second of the new style Paramount films to hit this town. The discerning film-goer will see that production and direction are in the hands of Cornel Wilde, who also plays the lead as Vic Scott, a man whose trade is one in which there seems little future, namely, putting out oil well fires.

Made in VistaVision and Technicolor, with immense attention to detail, it seemed to me as if I was looking at a film that is greater than its plot.

Everything is magnified. In approach, rather like "The Flying Dutchman," anecdotal rather than plotted, it breaks into the life of a few people, and then leaves them with many problems yet to be solved.

I suppose the drama of human affairs is an epic, and an oil fire a calamity, so I suppose that "Maracaibo" is a localised epic, brought out from its cul-de-sac, and placed on view for the rest of the world.

Certainly, at the time, I saw the film, I imagined that I was about to see something great; I was aware of a touch of near genius, and I was also aware that Cornel Wilde was not settling for the mere run of the commercial cinema.

The film is not the kind people who go to the movies, as a habit, will want to see. It is a literary film, gaining its quality from dialogue, symbolism, and its characterisation, at last, Yu-ll falls in love, with a local boy.

This leads us to the real event of the film, for Yu-ll, in love, consents to dance at one of Hongkong's numerous charity performances.

It would appear to me that the whole film is designed to include this motif, and while no doubt "Teenager Holiday," coming as it does in Eastman colour, and full of interesting local shots, it is not in the same class as "The True Story of Ah-Q."

However, it is light, interesting always, and moves along pleasantly to a real happy teenager finale.

RITZ CINEMA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES
AT 11.00 a.m. AT 12.30 P.M.
STOOGES & CARTOONS "LAST OF THE BADMEN"

Lee Astor

4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

MAO MEI (Christine Yuen)
Member of Royal Academy of Dancing
KWAN SHAN
Best Actor Award, Locarno Film Festival



WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES
ENCHANTING BALLET AND FOLK DANCES BY THE
ONE AND ONLY DANCING STAR OF HONG KONG
All beautiful H.K. scenery filmed in gorgeous color.

MORNING SHOW AT REDUCED PRICES
LEE THEATRE ASTOR THEATRE
To-morrow At 11.30 a.m. To-morrow At 12.30 p.m.
WALT DISNEY CARTOONS INGRID BERGMAN
in "GASLIGHT"

★ NEXT CHANCE ★



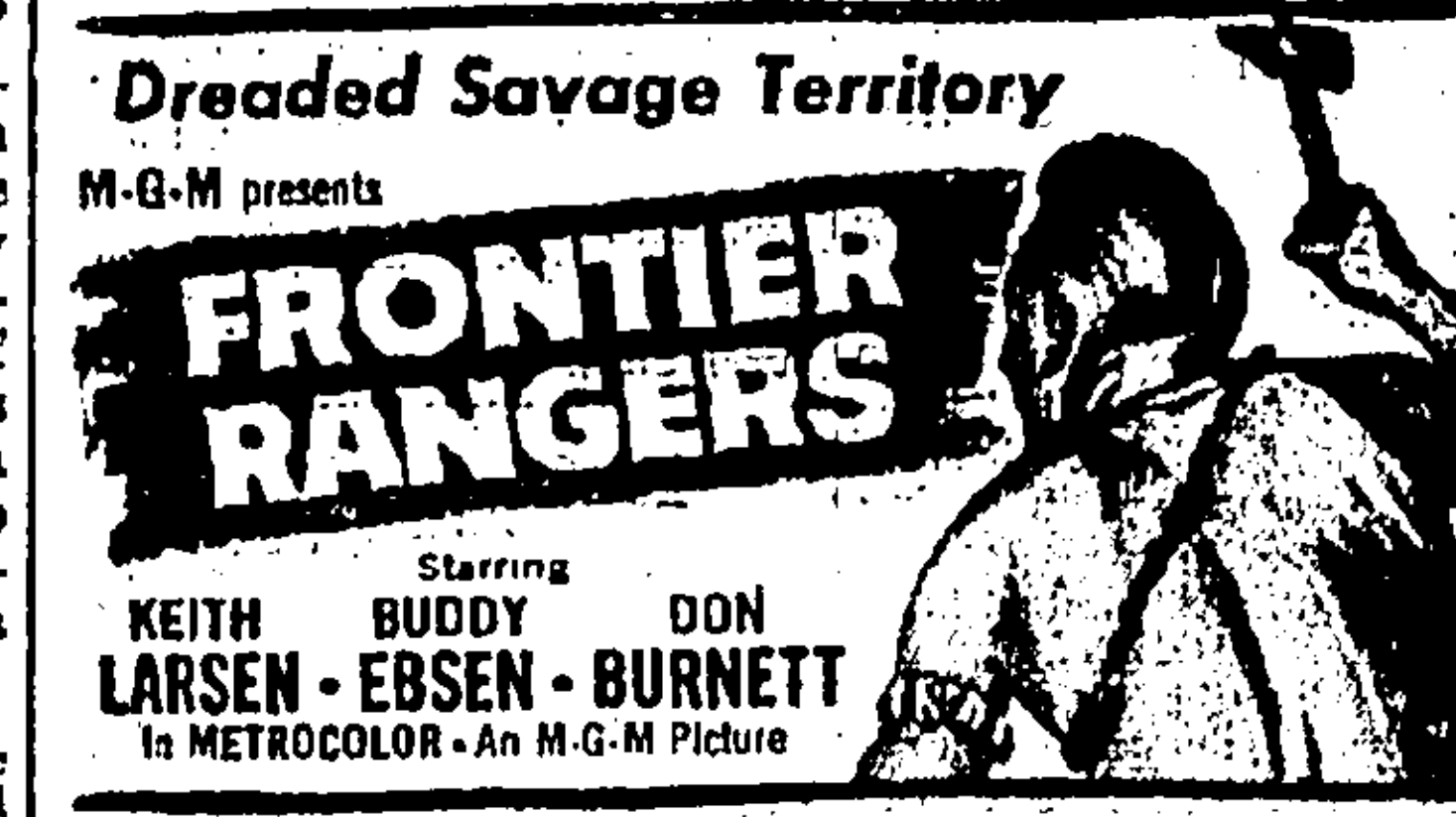
HONG KONG CENSOR BOARD REMARKS:
NOT SUITABLE FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

HOOVER & PARAMOUNT

LAST PERFORMANCES
TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



★ OPENING TO-MORROW ★

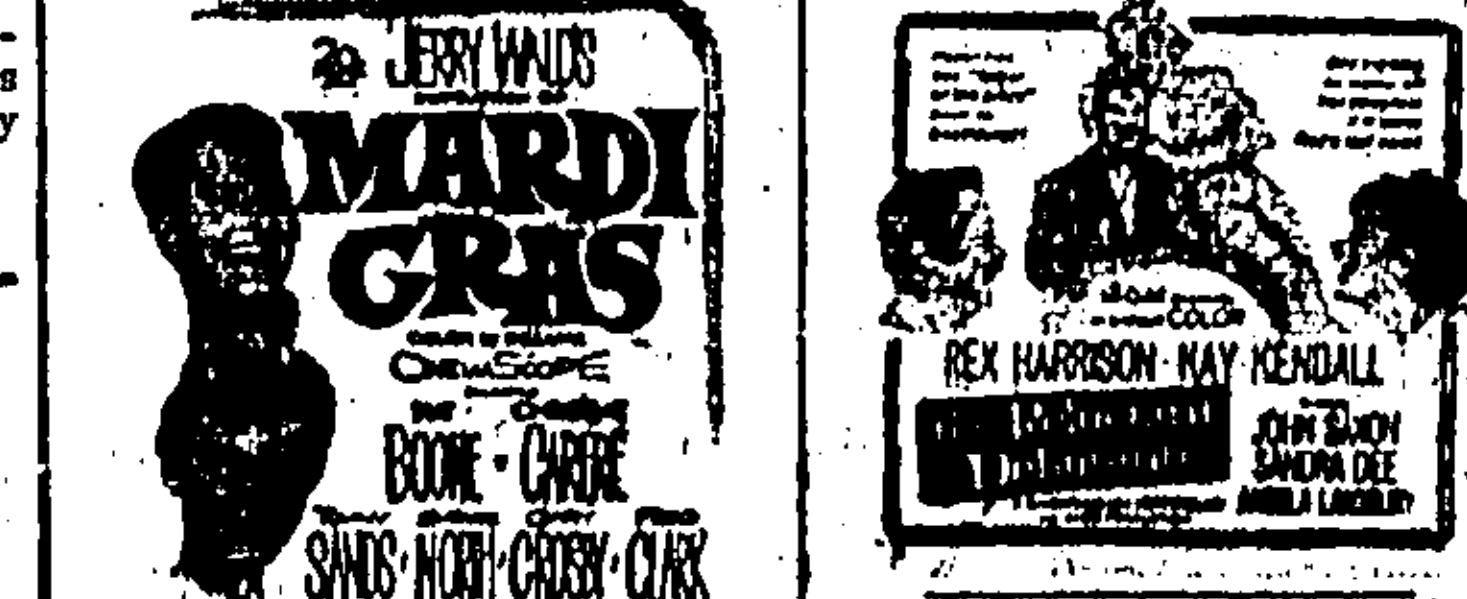


Special Matinee To-morrow at Reduced Admission
Hoover at 12.00 noon Paramount at 10.15 a.m.
Robert Taylor Glenn Ford
Vivien Leigh in "WATERLOO BRIDGE" Van Heflin in "3.10 TO YUMA"

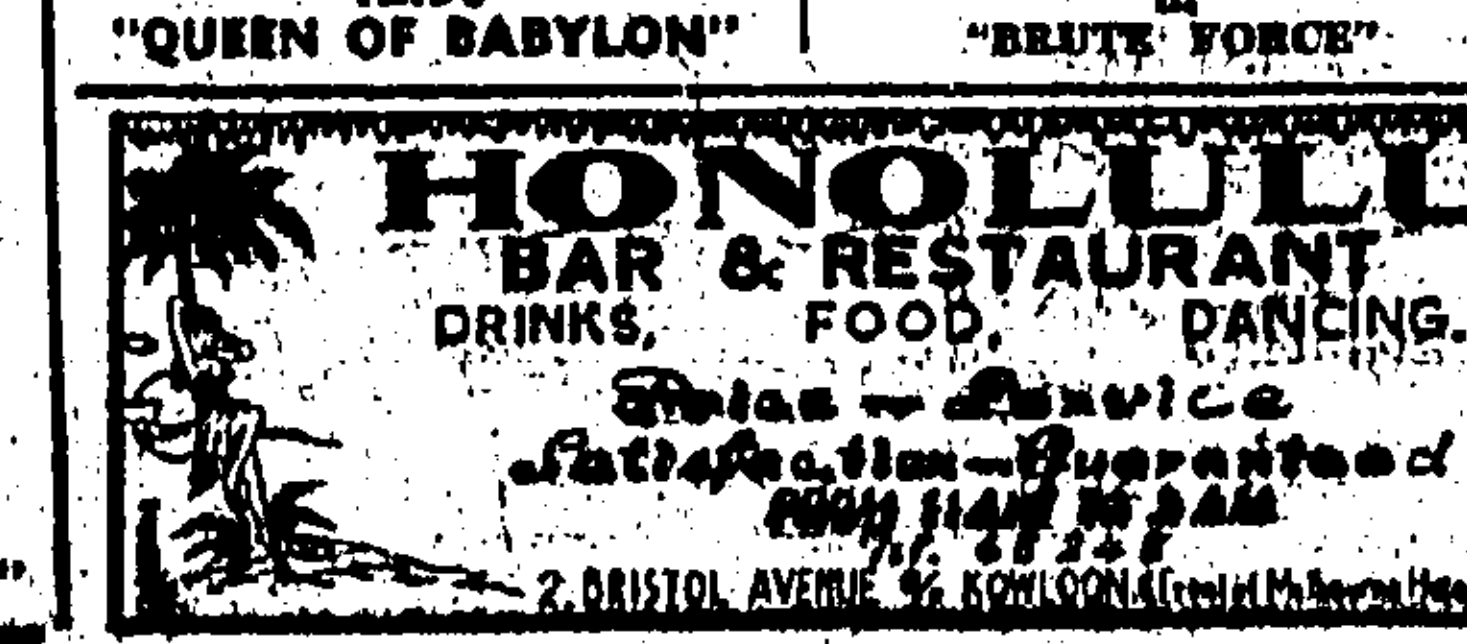
ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A BIG FESTIVAL OF FUN!



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.30 a.m.
Barri Lando in "BRUTE FORCE"



HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

Sergeant Virgin Wins Long Fight For Dog

ARE BUNNIES CUTE? NO, THEY'RE MEAN EVIL VILLAINS

SO you think the Easter Bunny is cute, and the wrinkly-nosed animals with powder-puff tails and soft fur are nice cuddly little creatures?

You're all wrong, Britain's Rabbit Advisory Council ruled.

Rabbits are mean. They're thieves. They're villains. And they're all evil.

And all the bedtime stories about Alice's white rabbit, Peter Rabbit, the Easter Bunny, and all the other bunnies never should have been written.

Rabbit Pie

Anyway, that's what the Advisory Council says. It is made up of farmers and other people who, you might gather, think the best place for rabbits is rabbit pie. Even that thought makes some of them shudder.

So now the council is starting a psychological warfare campaign. It wants to condition people's thinking so they'll go along with Major Ralph Verney, one of its top men, who says rabbits are "loathsome, repulsive, and dangerous."

Verney said his personal part in the anti-rabbit campaign must start at home. That's because his five-year-old daughter thinks rabbits are sweet little things. He is counting on an assist from his eight-year-old son who already has been, uh, brainwashed.

A long lineage of children's books have established the rabbit as a cuddly creature, the Major mused. "We want to tell children just what harm the rabbit does, and to put across the rabbit's real characteristics."

Not Delightful

If it works, he said, "We shall see children treating them not as delightful creatures, but just as they would a rat, or a red spider or an eel worm."

The Major doesn't feel the slightest bit guilty about his council's campaign to undo the work of countless authors.

"Not a bit," he said. "The rabbit is not cuddly. He is dirty. He carries fleas. He is a robber. He is wasteful. There are lots much nicer animals to write stories about—old water rat, toad, and mole. And lots of charming birds."—U.P.I.

Lengthy Greeting

WESTERN Union said it delivered the longest telegram in its history to Russell Kees, head of a secretarial agency.

Kelly received a birthday wire in the 48,294 girls in his organization. It weighed 11 pounds, two ounces, was 1,375 feet long and cost more than \$1,000.—U.P.I.

CAPITOL

—SHOWING TO-DAY—
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SOPHIA LOREN
ANTHONY QUINN
Attila

The mightiest spectacle
yet seen on the screen



A PAGE OF CINEMA HISTORY
PRODUCED BY PONTI DE LAURENTIS

Tomorrow Evening Show
At 11.45 A.M.
20th Century Fox Cartoons

At 1.30 P.M.
Queen Mary
"GREEN CROSS"

FIRST GIRL BORN IN 16 YEARS

Stockholm.
Mr. and Mrs. Gunnar Nordberg's daughter is only two days old—yet she's already a celebrity. And the 2,000 people of her hometown, Manabo, are celebrating her birth. She's the first girl to be born there for 16 years.

No one seems to know why Manabo is a "boys' town." Most of the men work in a chlorite of aluminum factory. There has been speculation that some substance at the plant might have upset the balance of their hormones.

The Norlanders have three other children—boys, of course.—U.P.I.

IRON CURTAIN ESCAPES ARE TO BE FILMED

London.
THE stories of 39 escapes through the Iron Curtain are to be filmed. The man who will produce the films, ex-racing driver Hans Albin, is visiting London for the first time.

"The stories have been selected from a case-book of 270 escapes which I have built up," the German producer said. "Many paid with their lives when they made the bid for freedom."

Mr. Albin has been watching British cinema audiences during his short stay in London.

"In Germany, as here, attendances have been affected by TV," he said. "But the theatre and cinema are necessary things, especially for people growing up. They will not be killed by TV."

Fresh Bread Is 'Unhealthy'

Braunschweig.
A LOCAL trade union group demanded that the sale of fresh bread be banned in Germany on grounds it is "unhealthy."

Bread should not be sold before it is at least 24 hours old, the Braunschweig branch of the West German Food and Catering Workers Union said.

It suggested to union headquarters that it press for a Federal law prohibiting the sale of fresh bread in Germany. Besides being beneficial to the digestive systems of Germans, such a law would also forestall plans for advancing the working hours of bakery employees, a spokesman of the Braunschweig union branch said.

It might even result in later working hours, he added.—U.P.I.

THE SIX-POINT RESOLUTION FOR MEN

London.
Clothes still make the Englishman—or at least that is the line the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers Federation suggested in a six-point New Year resolution for men.

The long suffering male was told to "remember that he never knows whom he may

By MICHAEL BROWN

London.
FOR the sake of a dog American Staff, Sergeant Otto Virgin, 32, hitched-hiked 5,000 miles to Britain.

For the sake of a dog he ran himself into debt.

For the sake of a dog he wasted his leave on a six-month court battle.

All for the sake of a dog called Ricky, an Alsatian which cost £5. But last week he decided it was all worth it.

RELUCTANT

He had won his legal fight at Deal Kent to reclaim four-year-old Ricky from his former girl friend, barmaid Margaret Perkins, 24.

Judge John Neal ordered Miss Perkins to hand over the dog to Sergeant Virgin at the Ramsgate hotel where she works.

The sergeant, who is being flown back by the U.S.A.F. next week to his base at Tucson, Arizona, did not ask for damages—though the judge ruled he was entitled to them. It was the sergeant's £60-a-month wage packet which became the main focus of the closing stages of the case.

UNLIKELY

Miss Perkins said she helped to pay for Ricky. Virgin had only £2 or £3 on him when the deal was struck with another sergeant at the Forces' American base at Manston, Kent. But Judge Neal ruled that unlikely. "It was only the fourth of the month, and that's too early when you are paid monthly to have disposed of £60," he said.

The judge read a diary entry which Miss Perkins made about the time Ricky was bought. "I was jealous—for I don't get so



Margaret Perkins. She sobbed at the Judge's decision.

It Has Been Worth While

SERGEANT VIRGIN
"He's my heart and soul."

much attention," it said. "The dog gets it all."

Sergeant Virgin sat ten feet away from Miss Perkins love.

throughout the hearing. They never looked at each other.

Miss Perkins sobbed when the judge rejected her claim. She said afterwards: "Ricky is the only dog I have had and he means everything to me. My world would be shattered without him."

And said the sergeant: "That dog is my heart and soul. He's no ordinary animal, he means life to me."

"I've spent over \$1,000 and wasted over 18 months' leave to fight this; and I don't care now... not that I'm doing any hand-stands."

"I don't even feel badly about Margaret. It's just one of those things. Ricky is real easy to love."

Injection Curiosity Startled Doctors

New York.

TWO medical scientists were only curious at first. They wondered what happened to the skin when a doctor pushes a needle into it. When they found out, their curiosity turned into worry.

In a majority of such needle punctures they discovered, the pores of the skin are not merely pushed aside as the needle goes through. The needle cuts at a core of skin a little smaller than the diameter of its open end.

And this core is likely to be injected into muscle, vein, or the tissue under the skin (depending on where the doctor is aiming the needle tip) along with whatever medication is in the syringe. Theoretically at least that is not so good.

Awareness

But the scientists, Drs Thomas Gibson and Walter Norris, had to acknowledge that thousands of needles are pushed into thousands of people by thousands of

doctors every day, and there has been no reported trouble from all these cores of skins transplanted into deeper body layers.

"With more widespread awareness, however, the very high incidence of detached portions of skin (getting transplanted deeper into the body) may be correlated with pathological (sickening) processes," they reported.

That was their purpose—to spread awareness among doctors. They were struck both by what they had found and by no scientist having been very curious about the fate of punctured skin before. So far as medical literature reveals, theirs was the first thorough investigation.

Skin Cores

In effect these tiny cores of skin become skin grafts when injected into muscle or under-the-skin tissue, they said, and there is no reason why these grafts should not "take" and grow if they get into a proper "bed." But they're surrounded in the beginning by the medication and later perhaps by blood clot. Either would tend to prevent a take.

Just the same, they continued in The Lancet, there is the possibility of the skin cores causing under-the-skin cysts. Indeed, in experiments with

laboratory rats, they've produced cysts by injecting cores of the rats' own skin.

In cases where injections are into the veins, it is at least theoretically possible for the skin cores to lodge in tiny veins of the lungs, they said.

Gibson and Norris experimented with hypodermic and injection needles of all sizes, from the smallest upward. They punctured healthy skin, removed during surgery, many times and then counted the number of times detached cores of skin got into the needles. This happened in 69 per cent of all punctures.

The least meaning their investigation has, they said, is that doctors should disinfect the skin carefully before pushing a needle into it, lest surface infection get carried into deeper layers. Skin preparation before injection is often perfunctory, they said, and this could be the cause of abscesses under the skin and in muscles which are not uncommon after injections.—U.P.I.

BEER STREAM FLOWED PAST SCHOOL

London.
GOVERNORS of the Clich village school got their answer to a complaint made to public health authorities that a small stream near the school looked like beer.

It is. Health officials said the stream does have a high alcoholic content, tracing to the washing-up drink of the village's Old Comrades Club. "Since there is no danger to public health, no action will be taken," a health inspector's report said.—U.P.I.

UK Motorists Dislike Their Super Highway

London.
BRITISH motorists, who rarely drive faster than about 50 miles an hour, apparently are scared of using the country's first high-speed super highway, traffic surveys indicated.

An Automobile Owners' Association said a slump in traffic on the eight-mile Preston bypass only three weeks after it was officially opened could mean that this country's drivers are not yet ready to go fast.

The bypass was widely publicized as a high-speed road when it was opened, and the first automobiles to use it were equally well-publicized sports cars, many of which topped 100 miles an hour.

High-Speed

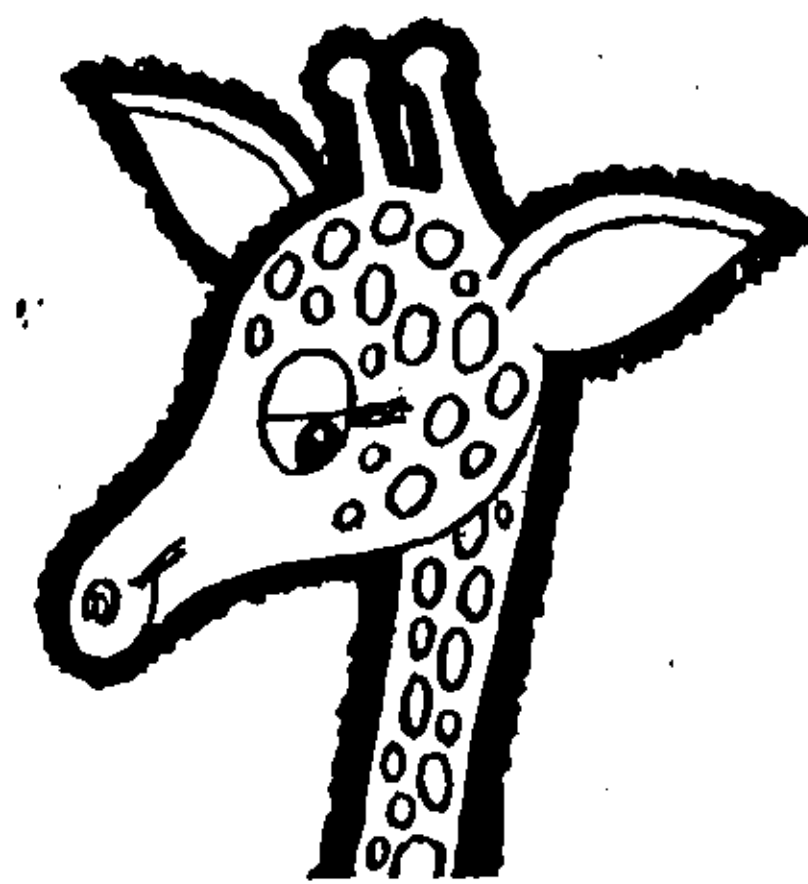
But all the talk of high-speed driving apparently has made most drivers fear that they must go fast whether they want to or not.

Transport Ministry officials said the road was carrying much less traffic than was expected. Only 850 vehicles used it in each direction last week.

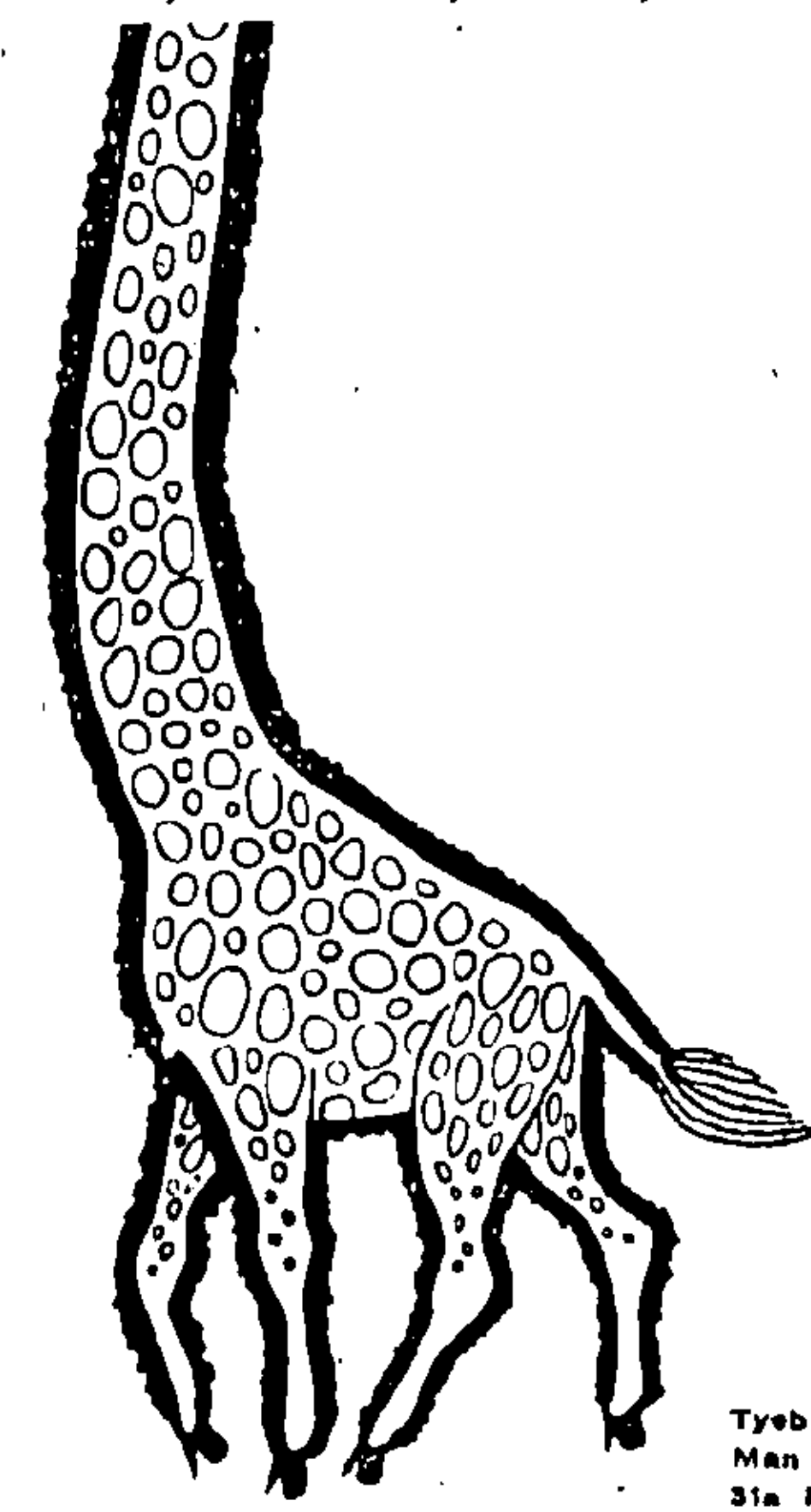
A spokesman for one of the National Automobile Associations said traffic on other roads was reasonably heavy, "but the figures on the motorway show that it was not being used for the practical purpose of getting from one place to another. The figures rise (on weekends) because leisure drivers use it just for the experience of high-speed motoring."

But on working days, the reverse applies.

A police spokesman said that most drivers "seem to think they must race along at 40-mph plus." He added: "They don't seem to realize that they can cruise at 30 if they don't want to go faster. All that matters is that they keep moving. And they have just as much right on the road."—U.P.I.



Winter SALE at TYEBS I have been L O N G I N G for starts Monday, 19th January



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This is the GMT-Master—the watch whose revolving rim and 24-hour hand were voted by 20 out of 21 aircraft captains as an indispensable aid to airline operations.

Those who fly the great airlines of the world, with the safety of millions in their care, make very special demands of a watch.

With these in mind, Rolex designed a totally new chronometer to the specifications of two world-renowned aviation companies. The result was the creation of the GMT-Master—a triumph, unique, revolutionary, and a masterpiece of precision engineering, which gives, clearly, simultaneously, and with chronometric accuracy, local time in any two time-zones.

No wonder the GMT-Master is acclaimed all over the world—not only by pilots and navigators, but also by business men and international travellers, who find it ideally suited to their needs.



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THE SEVEN WONDER OF THE GMT-MASTER

Waterproof Oyster case mounted on a rotating bezel to resist pressure to 120 ft. under water. Patented self-winding movement which never loses time.

Exclusive Date, mounted by ingenious "Cyclops" lens, which magnifies twenty-four times.

Power Wind Chronometer and 24-hour hand. Revolving disc, calibrated into 24 hours. Automatic Rolex Perpetual self-winding movement, compensation against shock and vibration.

Chronometer 25 jewels, self-winding movement, which gives, clearly, simultaneously, and with chronometric accuracy, local time in any two time-zones.

Unsurpassed Rolex quality, which makes the GMT-Master a watch of timeless value.

Super-lustrous dial and case, which make the GMT-Master a watch of timeless value.

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: At rest after a trial in London recently with skin-divers Rowena Ker and Frank Brooker is the Sub-aqua-Jet. It is just over 3 ft. long, is based on the Second World War's "human torpedo." It will pull along a skin-diver under water for two hours before the batteries of its electric motor need recharging.

★

RIGHT: Former British Premier Sir Winston Churchill, 84, spoke in London recently to Conservative officials of his Woodford, Essex, constituency. Instead of—as had been expected—announcing his retirement from politics, he announced his intention to stand in the next election. About the General Election, strongly rumoured for May of this year, he said: "For my part, I am rather doubtful whether it is going to be so swift and sudden as is made out."

★

BELOW: Burmese Ambassador to London Aung Soe and Mme Aung Soe are seen recently at the Burmese Embassy in London, where they received their countrymen on the eleventh anniversary of the independence of the republic.



ABOVE: A Royal Air Force officer and his wife—whom he first met 20,000 ft. above the Pacific—disembark from the transport ship Captain Cook at Southampton, England, recently. She is Mrs Helena Hopkins, 23, a former Hollywood air hostess. Her husband, Flight-Lieutenant Norman Hopkins, 28, of Battle, England, was one of 500 RAF men returning from the hydrogen-bomb testing ground on Christmas Island. The Hopkinses were married in Honolulu six months ago.

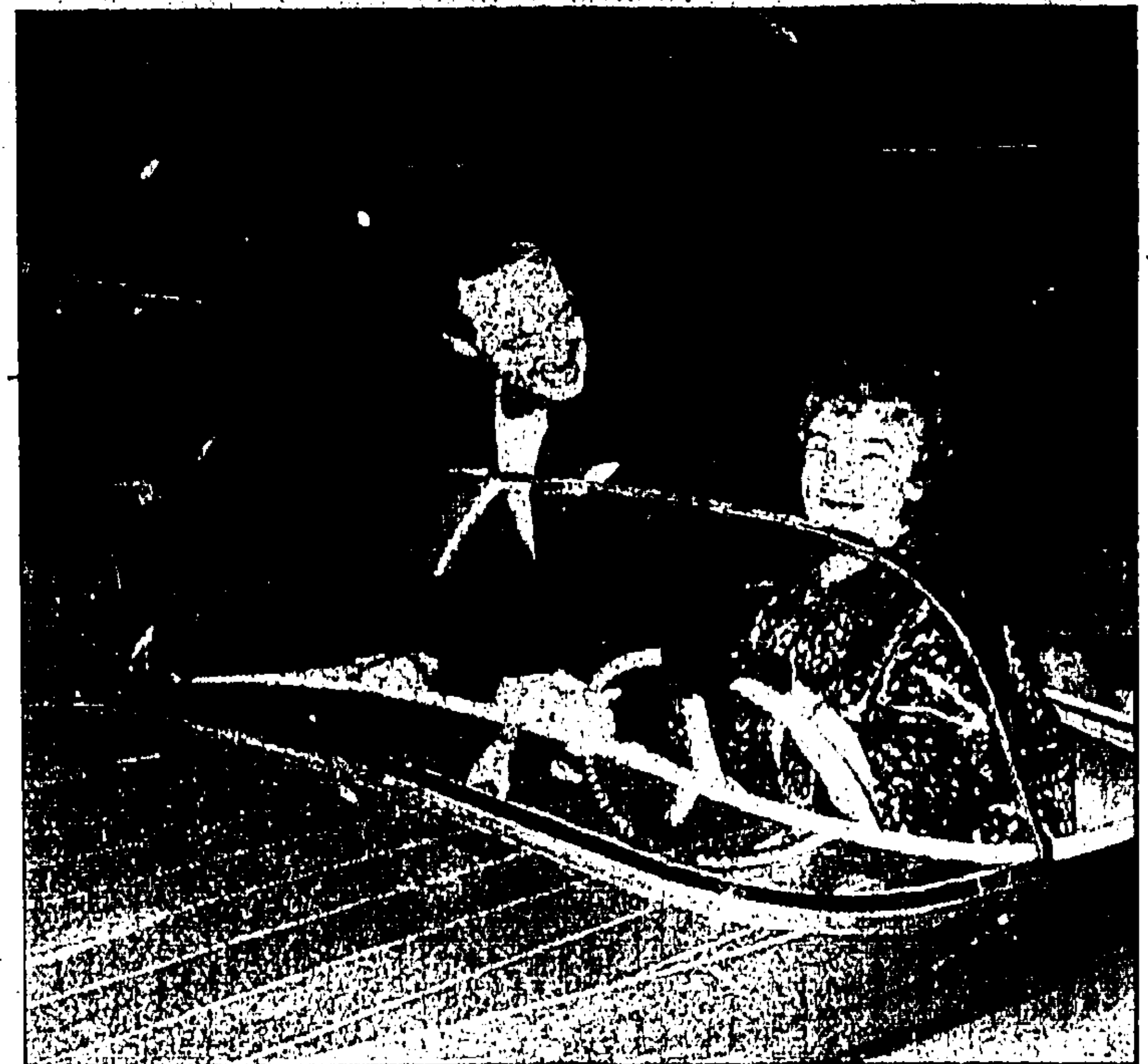
★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Painter Augustus John—"The Grand Old Man of British Art"—is pictured recently in his country home in Fordingbridge, in the English county of Hampshire, where he celebrated his 81st birthday.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: CRICKETER'S MODEL FIANCEE—Modelling a pink faille evening dress and feather plume at a London fashion show is Susan Longfield, who recently became engaged to Ted Dexter, member of the England Test cricket team now touring Australia.



ABOVE: British speed ace Donald Campbell and his wife, singer Tonia Bern, enjoy themselves in a speedboat recently at the Boat Show in London.

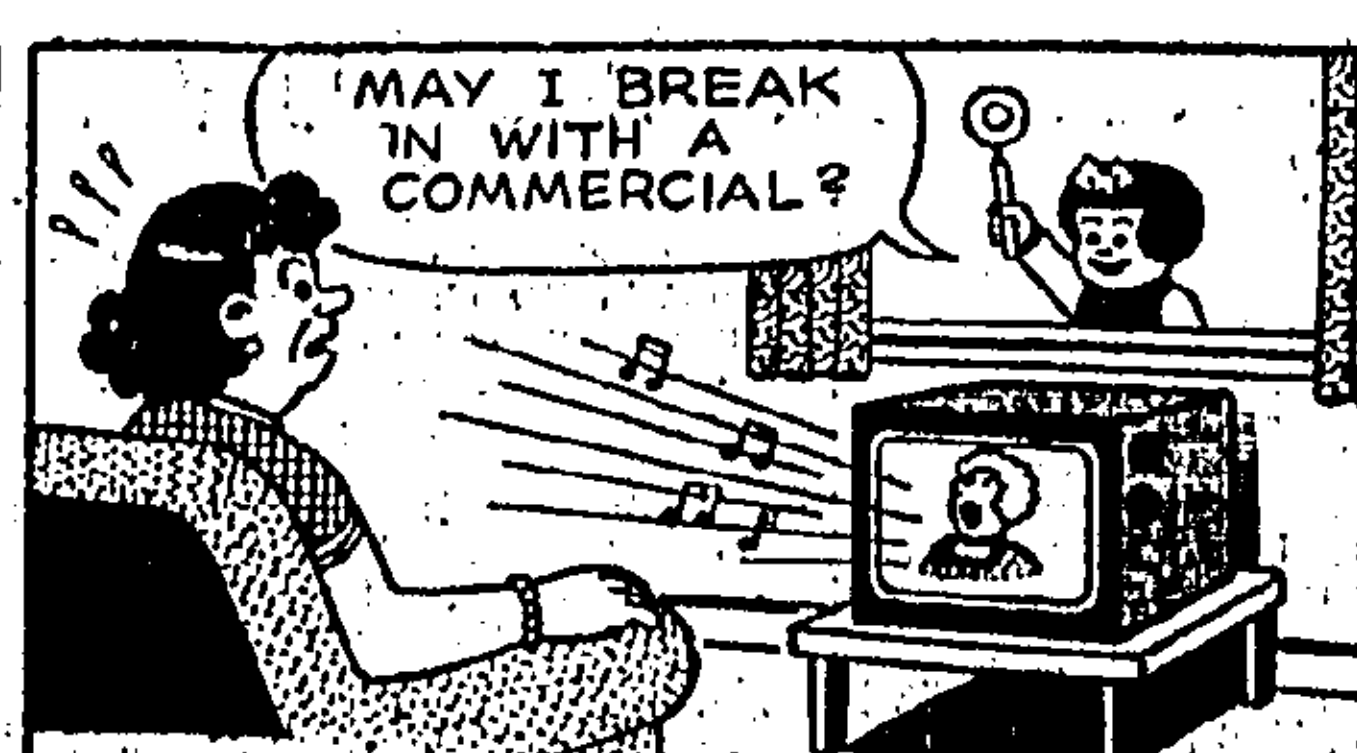
★ ★ ★

BELOW: Sir Brian Robertson, 62-year-old chairman of British Railways, is seen at Colais recently being carried in an invalid chair aboard the Channel steamer Maid of Orleans. Sir Brian broke his leg in Austria while skiing. He was in collision with another skier.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



ROWNTREES
TWO
THE CHOCOLATE THAT'S DIFFERENT

THE FAITHS BY WHICH WE LIVE: Part 4

● In less than a century, Christian Science has spread throughout the world. Its strength is a closely-guarded secret... but its members in Britain include peers, barristers, diplomats and university professors. It is a religion that teaches spiritual healing, and many people claim that faith alone has brought them a new lease of life.

Mary Baker Eddy
founded a faith.

The people who bar their door to doctors

by BERNARD HARRIS

Two days later the local newspaper reports:—
"Mrs Mary M. Patterson, of Swampscott, fell upon the ice near the corner of Market and Oxford streets, on Thursday evening and was severely injured."

"Dr. Cushing, who was called, found her injuries to be internal and of a very serious nature, inducing spasms and intense suffering. She was removed to her home yesterday afternoon, though in a very critical condition."

The truth dawned

A minor incident, you may think. But out of it was born a religion that has spread to the ends of the earth. A religion that has built thousands of churches and established one of the world's most influential newspapers. A religion which many people claim has literally brought them a new life.

For as she lay on her bed of pain Mary Patterson read her Bible. She lingered over Matthew's account of how Jesus cured a bed-ridden man of the palsy.

"As I read," she said, years later, "the healing Truth dawned upon my sense."

Three days after the accident the injured woman who was hardly expected to live, got up from her bed—cured, as she said, by divine aid.

In 1877 Mary Patterson married again. She became Mrs Mary Baker Eddy, the name by which she is revered today by an enormous following as the discoverer of Christian Science.

For several years after her recovery Mrs Eddy sought to find out precisely how the healing power had become available to her and how other people could obtain it.

She embodied her conclusions in Science and Health, which with the Bible, is the textbook of Christian Science.

She also practised healing. In her own writings she tells how, among others, she healed a niece who was in a "hopeless condition" following typhoid fever. But within an hour of Mrs Eddy's arrival at her bedside the young woman got out of bed and walked.

It is related, too, that she healed people who were not her patients. One was a man so deformed that "his knees touched his chin."

As he was sitting on the pavement at Lynn, Mrs Eddy leaned over him, saying "God loves you." Her biographers report that "almost immediately the man arose and walked."

Before long her name and reputation had spread throughout New England. She gave many lectures and sermons, and her followers formed themselves into a Christian Scientist Association.

Own church

But she found that no orthodox denomination was ready to contemplate healing as part of its ministry. She decided she must have a church of her own.

So in 1879 she founded the Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston—known today to Christian Scientists the world over as the "Mother Church."

Its object? "To reinstate primitive Christianity and its lost element of healing."

Just before the turn of the century the new religion had spread to Britain, with the first regular services held in the Portman Rooms, Baker Street, London.

Now there are 340 churches and societies in Britain, spread over every sizable town. But figures of membership are kept secret.

For the Manual of the Mother Church, which is the rule book guiding the religion, says it down that "Christian Scientists

shall not report for publication the number of the members. According to the Scripture, they shall turn away from personality and numbering the people."

Under the same rule the names of prominent Christian Scientists are not revealed. All that the authorities here will say is that the membership in Britain includes "members of the peerage, diplomatic corps, barristers, solicitors, top executives in banking and commerce, university professors, teachers, artists, musicians, and singers."

Each branch church is self-governing, financed entirely from the contributions of its members. Non-residents in Britain are required to pay a fee of not less than one dollar (7s. 2d.).

Most branch church members are also members of the Mother Church in Boston. As such they are required to pay it an annual tax of not less than one dollar (7s. 2d.).

How are Christian Science services conducted? There is no ordained minister. The services are led by two readers, elected from among the church membership for a maximum term of three years.

And the chief feature of every service is the lesson-sermon, based on the Bible and Mrs Eddy's textbook.

What distinguishes Christian Science from other Christian religions?

"God made"

Primarily its teaching that only that which is good is real, and that everything evil is unreal.

Mrs Eddy used the word "real" in a special sense. To her it means "God made." Therefore, since God is infinitely good, evil and disease cannot have been created by Him. By healing all manner of sickness, Jesus proved it to be without real foundation.

So, by learning more of God and putting this knowledge into practice, the Christian Scientist is convinced that he, too, can overcome sickness.

By applying this teaching Christian Science claims to have healed almost every known disease.

No sincere and ardent Christian Scientist who fell ill would consult a doctor.

Instead of contemplating a cure by surgery or drugs he would call in a Christian Science practitioner to help him—mainly by prayer. He would regard his illness as a challenge to be wiped out by spiritual means.

That would apply even in the case of an emergency illness.

Verified

Take, for example, what happened when the late Lord Lothian, British Ambassador to the U.S. in the early days of the war, suddenly fell ill with a form of blood poisoning from which he died in December 1940.

Lord Lothian was an ardent Christian Scientist. Up to the last he refused to see a doctor. And here were some who thought his life might have been saved if he had been less earnest in refusing all but the services of a Christian Science practitioner.

There are 600 practitioners in Britain, all approved by the Board of Directors of the Mother Church. None has any orthodox medical training. But all have to give proof of ability to heal by spiritual means.

They pray at the bedside of the patient. Some leave the question of payment to their patient. Others have a scale of charges corresponding roughly with what a doctor in private practice would ask.

One of the most important activities of the branch churches is the Wednesday evening meeting at which testimonies of Christian Science healing are given.

Testimonies, "verified" by three members of the Mother

Church, also figure prominently in Christian Science publications.

Among them is the case of a woman who suffered from a form of cancer which her doctor told her had never been cured.

After prayer she "felt led" to consult a Christian Science practitioner. In less than six months, she reports, she was "completely cured. I now walk and work as hard as I ever did with no ill-effects."

A man tells how a severe attack of arthritis had left him physically helpless.

With the assistance of a Christian Science practitioner I experienced a change of thought which brought immediate improvement. Within about 60 days I was at work again, fully recovered, and there has been no return of this trouble."

Joyous

A woman sufferer from heart disease writes that her illness culminated in a "stroke of apoplexy which was followed by nearly a year in bed."

She studied Christian Science, called in a practitioner, and "the painful symptoms disappeared instantaneously, leaving strength instead of weakness and a peaceful and joyous consciousness which I am unable to describe."

She tells how she dressed and went for a ride leaving her kit of emergency medicine behind for the first time in three years.

"All medicine," she says, "was destroyed at my request."

Of course, Christian Science has also attracted testimony of a far different kind. Testimony by doctors that if orthodox medical treatment had been permitted the lives of many Christian Scientists might well have been saved.

What is the official reply to this?

The facts are not argued. But the claim is made that there are many people whom Christian Science has restored to health and well-being after their cases had defied the most devoted efforts of the medical profession.

The error

Criticism of the religion discovered by Mrs Eddy is not confined to coroners' courts. It comes also from the Church of England.

The Archbishop's Commission which had been investigating the Church's ministry of healing said a few months ago:

"The error of Christian Science... is its belief that disease and suffering exist only because men will not deny their presence."

"Disease, evil, and suffering are not to be met by a denial of their existence. The Cross was no sham. Christian Science gives no positive place to suffering which, nevertheless, must always be at the heart of the Christian gospel in which the Cross of Christ is central."

And the Methodist leader, Dr Leslie Weatherhead, complains that while Mrs Eddy spoke of the inspired words of the Bible she altered texts to suit her case.

He admits, however, that "the power of mind over body is such that again and again the treatment of the Christian Science healer, in spite of the faulty philosophy, has brought health."

Fantastic?

You may think it utterly wrong that Christian Scientists should ignore the life-saving drugs discovered in recent years. You may think it fantastic that they should ignore the tremendous advances of medical science.

But you will not shake their faith in the supremacy of any spiritual healing power or wonder drug that man has ever discovered.

And the law of the land is that anyone of full age and sound mind can have whatever type of medical treatment he desires.

VERY PERSONAL REPORTS BY VERY PERSONAL CHINA MAIL WRITERS

They Fluffed It In '58!

PETER TOWNSEND OF COURSE!

THIS is probably the first time in his life that anyone has called out "Butter Fingers" to glamorous, blue-eyed Group Captain Peter Townsend.

by Nancy Spain

Nevertheless he is my Number One candidate for the man who fluffed it, the most in '58. In 1957 Townsend had the world at his feet. Every time he appeared on the scene ladies swooned dead away, hearts beat faster; and in spite of the mutterings of crusty, tawny old colonels from Ashby de la Zouch he held the sympathy of the world.

Then in 1958 a number of strange things, the first outside Townsend's control, began to happen.

1 A book was published that told the Townsend Story. It was by Norman Barrymaine. It showed Barrymaine pictured in intimate friendship with the Group Captain.

It also showed the Group Captain, a slight, lonely, romantic figure, facing the world.

The book sold very well, went through several editions, and was serialised all over the world.

2 A film was announced to be produced by Victor Stolov, in which Townsend

was to play the principal part. He was to be Townsend, the lonely world traveller, who would be sadly photographed against backgrounds of the Australians, the Afghans, clearly showing how he could never take part in any such lovely, folksy, natural existence.

3 Photographs began to appear. They showed the Group Captain with girls. Then they showed the Group Captain almost continually with One Girl; Mlle. Marie Luce Jamagne (whom, it seems, he calls Mosquito in private) who acts as continuity girl in the Townsend Around the World in 80 Poses epic.

'A myth'

Mosquito ("Moustique" in French) comes from a high-class Belgian family. It seems she has known the Group Captain ever since 1953—the year he Went Into Exile.

Friends took him on one side. They implored him not to be seen in public just with one girl.

(Friends of his who were also friends of mine, which is why I know all about it).

The Group Captain shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems rather hard," said, "that I should have to lead the life of a monk because of a myth."

His friends were startled. The Group Captain went on:—

Lonely?

"It is strange to think," said he musingly, "that I, and others like me who in the R.A.F. fought for the five freedoms, of which, of course, the freedom of the Press is one, should virtually have been made a prisoner. By the Press."

Perhaps it was at this point that the Group Captain decided he would set himself free for ever from the irksome attentions of public sympathy.

At all events, the pictures and stories which have appeared of Townsend in 1958, so far from showing him as lonely old Townsend facing the world with tragic eyes, have shown him photographing Mosquito, doing Yogi exercises, and leaning in attitudes of negligent charm

against what appeared to be a lamp post. The Press never seemed to have any difficulty in photographing Townsend.

I have the deepest sympathy for heroes, particularly those with elegant bony figures, strongly reminiscent of the late Leslie Howard. At one time I couldn't wait to see the first release of the Stolov-Townsend epic. Now I'm not so sure.

Little by little in 1958 my sympathy has begun to ebb.

A rough-cut version of this famous movie has already been shown in the suburbs of Paris. The crowd whistled, booed, blew raspberries, and greeted with ironic Parisian cheer every appearance of the star.

Worrying

Cruel. Yes, indeed. My friends told me that the Group Captain, at one point, had sat down and worried about his future. Said he:—

"Obviously I worried 'after all that happened. I could hardly go on in the R.A.F., now could I? I didn't want to use my name to become a company director. So I decided that the proper study of mankind was man."

And that was why the Group Captain decided to make a film of his previous journeyings around the world. The Group Captain's idea of man (explained our mutual friends) was man in all his loneliness.

Lonely. Yes, indeed. So we all are.

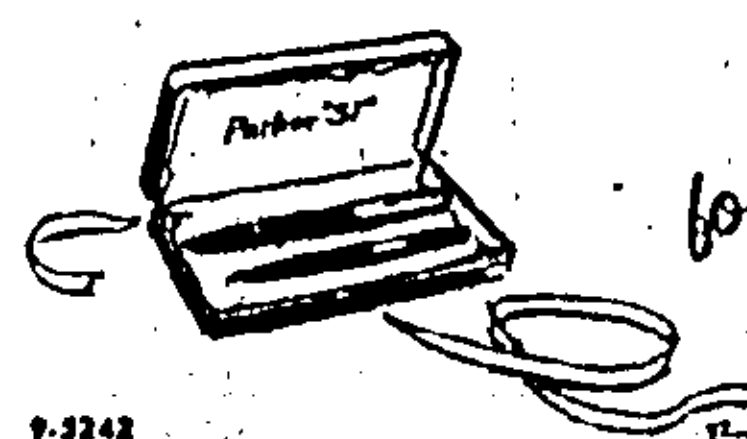
But that (it now appears) is precisely what the Group Captain in 1958 (and for that matter ever since 1953) has not been.

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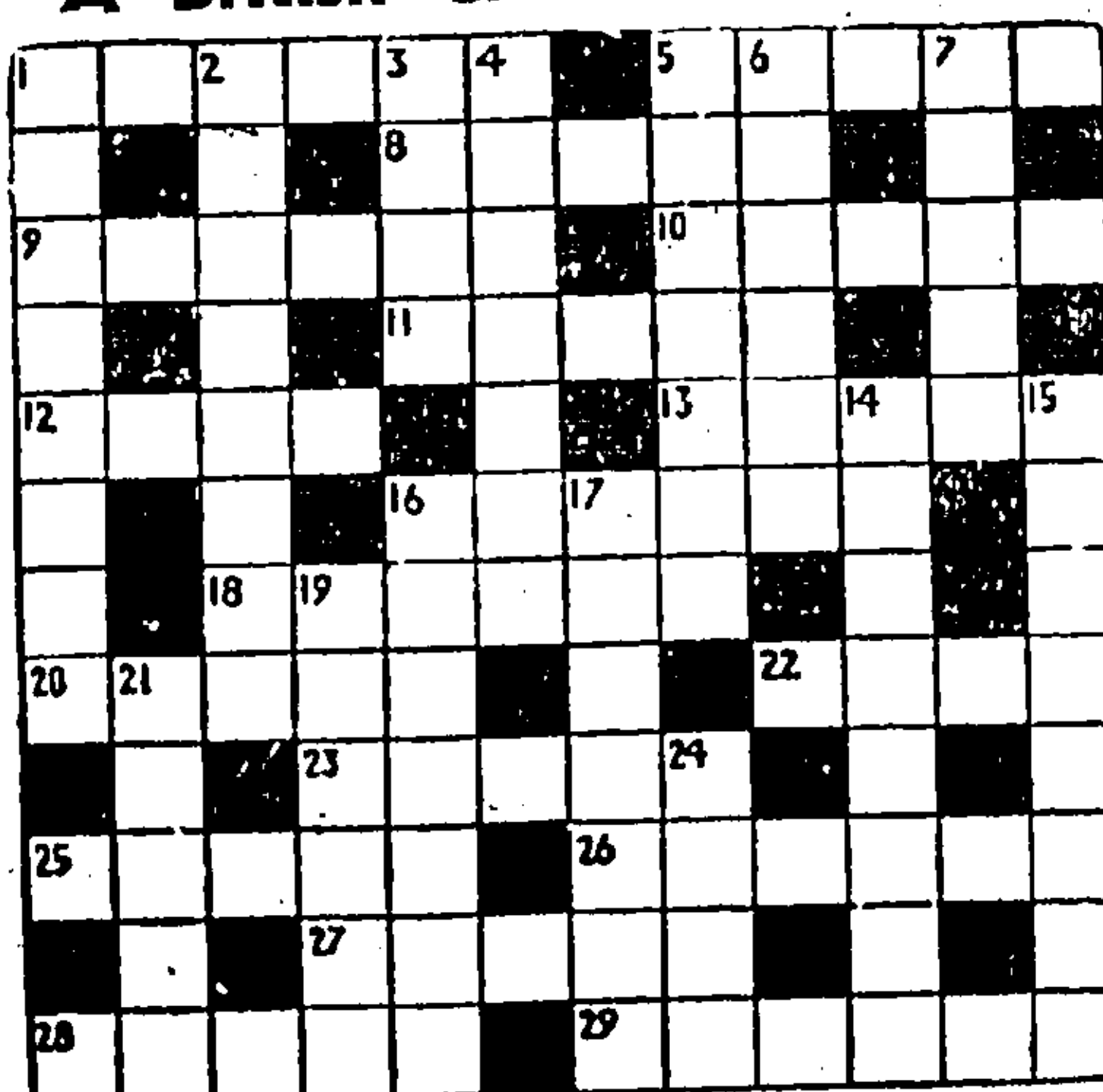


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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Popular food in Italy (6).
 - Military body not quite dead (6).
 - Where Miss may become Mrs (6).
 - A donkey begins to attack (6).
 - Being swindled, they're not on the level, of course (5).
 - Ornamental tree (5).
 - One anyone can take in (4).
 - Candy preparation (5).
 - Girl (6).
 - Conditions across the Atlantic (6).
 - Private instructor (5).
 - Very competent (4).
 - River (5).
 - Instrument to blow (6).
 - Surly (6).
 - It's in Surrey (5).
 - Separately (5).
 - High road (6).
- DOWN**
- Be conspicuous (5, 3).
 - A "25" call, maybe (4, 4).
 - Letters (4).
 - Still perhaps unlawful (7).
 - Water-bottles (7).
 - Consulted for great wisdom (6).
 - Those of Pan? (5).
 - Singly (3, 2, 3).
 - Most exorbitant (8).
 - Serious (7).
 - Vegetable pods (7).
 - One sentenced to hard labour (6).
 - Take without right (5).
 - Grade (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 3 Pair, 7 Savoy, 8 Alan, 9 Alms, 10 Peering, 12 Fois (rev.), 15 Emend, 16 Lead, 17 Right, 21 Press, 22 Mane, 23 Shift, 26 Tart, 27 Intense, 30 Aunt, 31 Man-x, 32 Pilot, 33 Ibox. Down: 1 Rabel, 2 Solence, 4 Alice, 5 Ross, 6 Draft, 9 Aged, 11 Amass, 13 Edge, 14 Sale, 16 Draft, 17 Split (rev.), 18 Lear, 20 Interim, 22 Mint, 24 Hinge, 25 A-Scot, 27 Alas, 28 Te-XI.

CRITICISMS OF HONGKONG FROM...

The First Tourists

TOURISTS have always been very free with their criticisms of Hongkong. I should imagine that few cities are so freely discussed. But in the far-off days before travel became the free and easy affair it is now, there were tourists who included Hongkong in their itinerary. And upon their departure, they became extremely fluent with their tongues and pens.

I have referred often to the disreputable characters of some of our early residents, and of their seeking asylum here under a milder jurisdiction than awaited them in their home towns.

The correspondent for the illustrated London News, who visited Hongkong in 1857, was most rude. Speaking of that neighbourhood we call West Point, he said: "Typing-shan is decidedly picturesque in an artistic way, containing as it does all the 'throw-outs' of South China; but as there is a price on their heads, the study of that interesting locality becomes less fascinating."

After more bitter criticism of Hongkong, he concluded with a sketch of the City of Victoria after nightfall. "In Hongkong, at night at night, the streets are deserted, save now and then a solitary Chinese, with his paper lantern, or an Englishman returning home!"

"The dusky looking policeman, armed with a loaded mucker, is seen in every part of the town. Not a sound is heard; it is like a town of the dead."

"The reference to the Chinese... a hint in fact, back to the times to which I have to refer, the influx of people and foreign to the Colony. Things were so bad and the robbers grew so bold, that they stood in the shadows of Queen's Road, and as an unsuspecting passer-by passed by, they drew him gently into the shadows, and took such unmerciful articles as gold watches, and silver and gold money, and on his person."

Naturally, the Hongkong police, always a sensitive force, came in for a lot of criticism. As did the magistrates, who sentenced these evil doers to the House of the local residents called the prison at that time.

So a law was passed that made it compulsory for any Chinese out after dark to carry a lighted lantern, the police considering that its fragile gutter structure would be useless for knocking anyone's brains in.

Another bitter critic of this Colony was Dr. Collingwood.

wood, a very learned man who wrote books and—so he says—was a naturalist by trade.

He visited this Colony in 1867, and wrote a book about it. He called the book, the "Fables of a Naturalist," but there was one riddle he did not enjoy: up a "c" street in Hongkong. But let him speak for himself.

"Before I arrived at Hongkong, I had been told stories of persons having been attacked in broad daylight, knocked down and robbed by Chinese roughs and thieves. But while on one hand such stories were rife, on the other I met such persons who had long resided in China, and who assured me that there was no danger of such an attack."

In a long-winded way, he explained why he was more ready to believe he would not be attacked than he looked. He continues:—

"I had walked down Queen's Road, the main street of the town, and intending to make a slight detour turned into a street leading up the hill. In China there is not that difference in streets that one sees in England, and it is not easy to perceive at first, either by the dress of the people or other signs, that one street is greatly inferior to another."

"It was just mid-day, and the streets were crowded with people, either passing to and fro, or standing at the doors of their houses, or looking from their windows but they were all, without exception, Chinese."

"Having got a short distance up the street in question, I crossed to a parallel street intending to descend into Queen's Road again."

"Suddenly I found myself in the midst of a knot of some eight or ten Chinese. There was nothing in their appearance which directed my attention to the probability that their object was robbery or outrage."

"I was just passing on, when they made a simultaneous rush upon me and pushed me down, one of them striking me in the face, but so suddenly and unexpectedly that I had not a moment's opportunity for defence."

"While several pinioned me to the ground, one unbuckled my coat and detached my gold watch and chain, upon which they all made off, leaving me to gather myself up as best I could."

"Seizing my hat, which had, of course, been knocked off in the scuffle, I started immediately in pursuit, but a few yards behind the scoundrels; but they knew their ground, and I soon saw the folly of following them. Seeing them all turn into a narrow street, I retraced my steps with the intention of informing the police."

"Not fifty yards from where the robbery took place, I met a Malay constable, whom I took with me to the Station, and saw the Superintendent of Police. I stated my case and gave a description of the stolen property."

"An Inspector and a Chinese Interpreter were at once despatched with me to the spot; but it was impossible for me to point out the place where the affair had taken place."

"As for recognising any one who was standing by, I was unfortunately entirely unable to identify any one of the numerous rogues who stood calmly looking on."

"A number of men loitering about the spot were taken to the station, but nothing could be proved against them except that they were old offenders."

"There is no denying the fact, therefore, that robberies with violence are by no means uncommon in the streets even at noonday. It is dangerous to walk alone in the suburbs. It is unsafe to go anywhere after dark..."

Dr. Collingwood enlarges his theme by going over and over

By

JOHN LUFF

the same ground; and it seems he resented the indignity as much as the robbery to which he had been subjected.

In more words than I have space, Collingwood makes his point that the Hongkong of those days was certainly a perilous place for a tourist. He speaks of improvements. The inhabitants are not allowed to roam the streets without a pass, and, by an order, were informed of another interesting local custom of that time.

The waterfront was not then built up, so obliging boat dwellers brought prospective tourists to Hongkong's shore in the fleet little boats the kind we still see operating.

There was often a little horse-play on the way, in which the tourist took part. For once invited by the boat owner to step into the boat, the tourist was then coddled, and articles which could be described as portable, such as watches, sovereigns, bags, together with bootlaces, were taken by the boatman.

"I should like to reproduce it here as he wrote it, but I am afraid you would not wander along George's prosy path."

In these far-off days, Editors were actually human beings, so George's copy went into The Times, complete with long Latin tags so many in fact, that part of George's article reads like Caesar's Gallic War.

George did not like Hongkong either. His chief complaint is, there is nowhere to stay. He goes out for a laugh with the following:—"A gentleman told me that to Hongkong in the present state of affairs, although he may have his pocket full of dollars, is not unlikely to be obliged to sleep upon the pavement of QUEEN STREET. (sic)."

You see what I mean about George? He can write in Latin, but so careless is he as a correspondent, he cannot even get Queen's Road correctly in his

Dr. Collingwood was most indignant to learn of the latter,

but what annoyed him most was, when he told the Governor, (that must have been Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell) the Governor scarcely paused in drinking his sherry. Collingwood told the Admiral, but the Admiral went on drinking his Pink Gin. The police weren't interested, neither were the "number of important people I spoke to."

Poor Collingwood finishes up by saying, "...but nothing was done which could have the slightest influence in abating the evil."

Ten years before this incident described above, took place, George Wingrove Cooke, special correspondent of The Times, London, came to Hongkong, and duly sent his copy home.

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I like George's descriptions:—"Victoria, the capital city, which we now inhabit, is built at the base of a sugar-loaf mountain..."

The following is very good, I think, and I have heard people a hundred years later and who knew not George, draw a similar comparison:—"To suggest to a European a mind an idea of Victoria and its scenery, we must imagine ourselves to be looking down upon a Scottish loch.... We must create, by imagination, a hand-

some city of light, airy houses upon the margin of the waters, and climbing up the hills."

"We must fill the lake with shipping of every nation, and we must pour over all the hills the glare of the Eastern Sun."

Quite good, I repeat. Do you think you could better it?

George goes on to describe the flora and fauna of the island. He says there are no wild animals. (There must have been barking deer) and then goes into the domestic habits of snakes and cockroaches, which says George, he dislikes.

He hands a lovely raspberry to Happy Valley. "A wretched village and a squalid population."

George then deals with transport. In his prosy way, he begins:—"The horse exists in a high state of domesticity..."

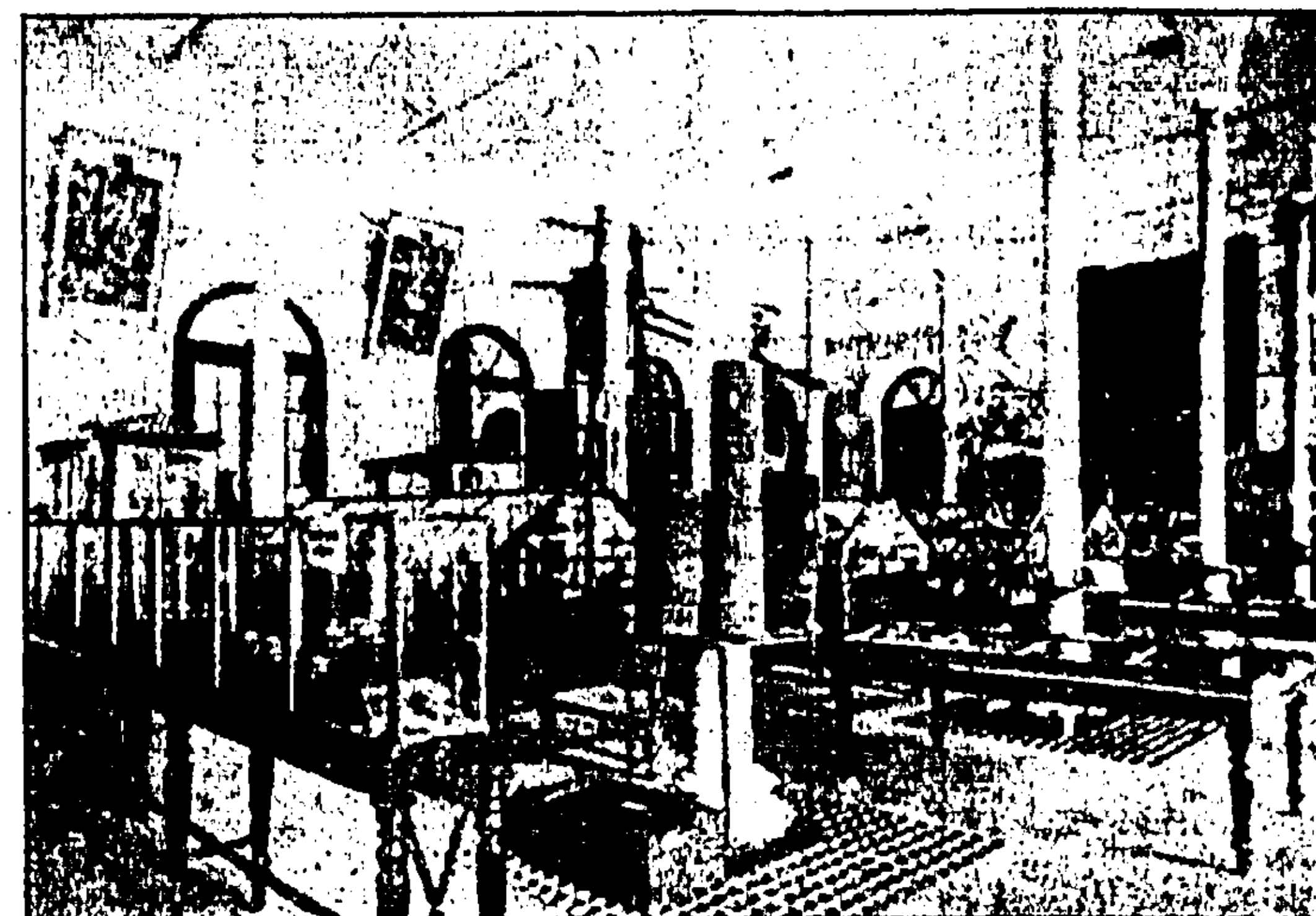
What he means is, gentlemen like Mr. Matheson, soon brought in horses from Manila. As a matter of fact, Mr. Matheson was the first European to drive a horse and carriage along Queen's Road.

George goes into the prices of horses with all the matter of factness of a modern tourist discussing cars.

That's the trouble" with George, as soon as he gets interesting, he breaks out in Latin, and I swear I have left out a long Greek quotation, which reads:—"Strepitantes, at Hongkong, dreams of constantly of horses as did Phidippides at Athens."

By which he means that the subject of talk in Hongkong was horses, horses, horses, just as now it is cars, cars, cars.

But George gives us a delightful little glimpse at the old Colony, Can you just see old Queen's Road? Already



THE Museum — in the City Hall — where many valuable exhibits attracted thousands of visitors every month.

copy. George is not unreasonable. "It is a town of capital houses...not capable of indefinite expansion."

George Wingrove Cooke, you have been a ghost a long time now, but if The Times will pay your passage out here, I'll make your shadow eat those silly words. However, George a hundred years ago, was quite an authority. He speaks of the arrival of General Garret and his staff. No accommodation for the General, but a room in the inn; his staff stayed on the boat.

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(In Hongkong) "A badly bred Arab, worth £20 at Algiers and £10 at Tattersalls, is worth £250 at Victoria."

"There is a racecourse round which he will run once a year, and there are two miles of rideable road along which he may be ridden daily by the long-boated and hunting-whip bearing proprietor, not seeming exiguous equitabile campis."

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What he means is, gentlemen like Mr. Matheson, soon brought in horses from Manila. As a matter of fact, Mr. Matheson was the first European to drive a horse and carriage along Queen's Road.

George goes into the prices of horses with all the matter of factness of a modern tourist discussing cars.

That's the trouble" with George, as soon as he gets interesting, he breaks out in Latin, and I swear I have left out a long Greek quotation, which reads:—"Strepitantes, at Hongkong, dreams of constantly of horses as did Phidippides at Athens."

By which he means that the subject of talk in Hongkong was horses, horses, horses, just as now it is cars, cars, cars.

But George gives us a delightful little glimpse at the old Colony, Can you just see old Queen's Road? Already

He gulps down his drink, and invites his friend to join him in a refill.

His friend folds a copy of yesterday's China Mail.

They toast each other, the white jacketed servant watching them with eyes which seem to stare into infinity.

Our rider places his glass on the table. He says, "You know, my eyes must be playing me tricks, it must be this damned heat."

But time is back in the groove. They are discussing horses and tea. All is quiet in the Hongkong Club. Do not worry, pale shadows, you will never see the metamorphoses of the Hongkong Club into the King's cinema.

WEDNESDAY:

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ALL OVER THE WORLD

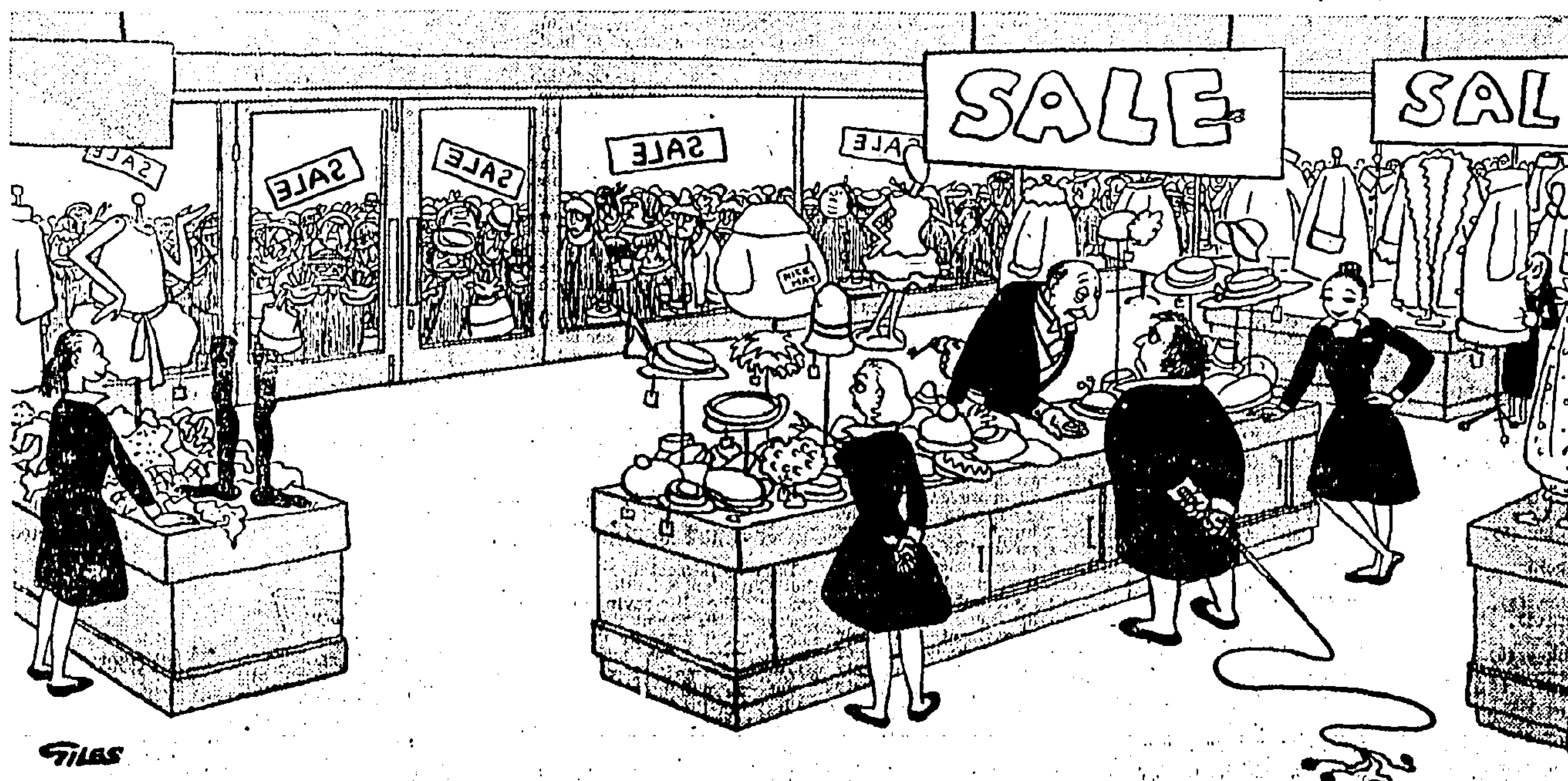
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The Peak Tram Station as it appeared in the early 1900's.



"If you please, Miss Peeble!"

London Express Service

Foreign Office Attack On 'The Suez Story'

By DOUGLAS CLARK

AN attack was made by the Foreign Office recently on Randolph Churchill's articles about the Suez crisis now appearing in the CHINA MAIL. At a crowded conference of reporters from all over the world Mr Peter Hope, chief Foreign Office spokesman, declared that:—

- 1 Sir Anthony Eden had not authorised Mr Churchill to write the articles—nor been consulted by him.
- 2 Mr Churchill had had no access to British official records.
- 3 The Foreign Office was not prepared to comment on the articles except to say that they "appear to be in many respects inaccurate."

It was clear that this was not an off-the-cuff indiscretion. Mr Hope read from a prepared document brought to him during the conference.

Q. AND A.

I talked to Mr Hope. Here are my questions and his answers:—

● Can you specify the inaccuracies you have alleged against Mr Churchill?

I have nothing to add to what I said.

● The position is, then, that the Foreign Office are making this general charge in public—

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
IT has long been a tradition of public life in Britain that public men do not attack civil servants, since the latter are precluded by the nature of their profession from defending themselves.

For that reason I do not wish in any way to reflect on the conduct of Mr Peter Hope, the engaging and highly efficient head of the Press Department at the Foreign Office, who made directly (and, further, by implication) serious criticisms of myself—some of which have been misinterpreted in some quarters in such a gross fashion that the law of libel may be invoked.

I have another reason for not joining issue directly with Mr Hope.

Anticipation

The Foreign Office had received prior notice that questions were to be asked at Mr Hope's conference and when they were asked Mr Hope read from a note with which he had been furnished in anticipation of this event.

Mr Hope, I have reason to know, received his instructions through the Foreign Office from 10 Downing Street.

I think it is known that I yield to none in my admiration of Mr Harold Macmillan, who has saved Britain from a near-ruin in which it was plunged by the folly of Sir Anthony Eden; but it seems to me that on this occasion he is acting with less than his usual finesse. Indeed, he seems to have been somewhat maladroit.

Mr Macmillan, in common with Mr Selwyn Lloyd and the Foreign Office generally could have read the whole of my Suez story in advance if they had wished.

but will not itemise the "inaccuracies" in public in order to give Mr Churchill a fair chance to answer?

● I cannot add to what I said.

● You appeared to read your statement from a prepared document. Do you agree?

I am the spokesman of the Foreign Office.

● Has Sir Anthony Eden been in recent touch with the Foreign Office?

(Pause.) I will inquire.

● I ask you again: Is the Foreign Office prepared to go into detail on the record about these alleged inaccuracies?

I have taken note of your request, but I have nothing to add.

Mr Hope said that Randolph Churchill had sent a draft of his series to a member of the Foreign Office and asked for unofficial guidance.

As the Foreign Office understood they were written without Sir Anthony's consent, it did not feel able to give any official advice.

That being so, the official concerned could not properly give any UNOFFICIAL guidance, and he returned the draft to Mr Churchill.

It should also, they suggested, be accompanied by direct Anglo-French intervention, in the form of air attack and troop landings on Egypt. A date early in November was suggested for the enterprise.

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Was there collusion? Of course!

SUEZ 3

by RANDOLPH CHURCHILL

I WILL TELL YOU EXACTLY
HOW THE FRENCH URGED
THE ISRAELIS TO ATTACK

SIR ANTHONY EDEN and Mr Selwyn Lloyd flew to Paris on October 16. The exceptional secrecy of their discussions at the Hotel Matignon with M. Mollet, the French Premier, and M. Pineau, the French Foreign Secretary, was underlined by the fact that the four Ministers talked alone.

It is very rare on such occasions that Ministers are not accompanied by diplomatic and military advisers, personal assistants, and interpreters. The clandestine nature of this conference, which lasted five hours, was noticed at the time and served to lend excitement to an already alarmed state of public opinion.

Meanwhile, in addition to all the military preparations that had been jointly undertaken by Britain and France, the French Government had already been making arrangements of its own with Israel.

Nearly a month before the Paris meeting described above, two representatives of the French Defence Ministry went to Israel to propose to the Israeli Government and staffs that France should aid an Israeli attack upon Egypt.

This aid would not be confined to the supply of arms and to diplomatic encouragement. The French envisaged bringing with them an altogether more far-reaching plan.

Ultimatum?

This was that the French Air Force should give active support to such an operation, and with the French Navy protect Israel from attack by Nasser's superior bombers.

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A few days later the French informed Mr Ben-Gurion, the Israeli Prime Minister, that Israel should launch her military operation at the end of October, "at a moment when the American Government would not be able to react because of the imminence of the Presidential Election."

These facts, and facts they are, close all doubt on the vexed question of "collusion."

Joint work

During this time the French were continuing to co-operate with their British allies in planning their own joint operation, Musketeer.

But, suspecting that the long diplomatic delays might dishearten the English leaders, and knowing of Britain's traditional reserve as to the desirability of the date, the French representative said:—

"It must be that date or never."

"Is that an ultimatum?" Ben-Gurion asked. "If you wish," was the answer.

For four or five days before this visit to Tel Aviv the French inner Cabinet had had such action in mind. It had become clear that the diplomatic texts for an attack on Egypt had been exhausted.

The best remaining hope of making the long-delayed intervention lay in a war between Israel and Egypt.

It is understandable that the governing mind in France should have inclined to such action. For several years

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France's progressively deteriorating hold on North Africa had been loosened by arms, money, and propaganda spouted out from Cairo.

For some months, while Britain had shown herself increasingly reluctant to supply Israel with arms, France was ever more willing to do so. In particular, large numbers of tanks were delivered during the summer.

The military staffs of France and Israel began work on their joint project on October 1. The representatives of M. Bourgeois, the French Minister of Defence, paid several personal visits to Israel. General Moshe Dayan, Chief-of-Staff of the Israeli Army, came to Paris twice during October.

Arabist obsessions, the French kept secret their arrangements with the Israelis until October 10. Then, however, the nature of the Franco-Israeli discussions was revealed to some of the British Ministers and staff officers concerned with Operation Musketeer.

Sir Anthony has publicly and privately denied that he had any foreknowledge of the impending Israeli attack upon Egypt. Eden is an honourable man, and his word must be accepted. But we must ask: "Why didn't he know?"

Parachutists

It is the duty of a British Prime Minister who is committing his country to an act of war to know what is going on. Perhaps, with his diplomatic training, he preferred not to know? Perhaps some of his colleagues thought it better that he shouldn't?

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The proof that there was collusion is massive and conclusive. That this collusion was ineffective may in part have been due to the fact that Sir Anthony's ignorance of it. At four o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, October 20, a battalion of Israeli paratroops was dropped 40 miles to the east of the Canal, just short of the Milla Pass. This drop, which was unopposed, was intended as a bait to attract the Egyptian reserve forces.

Air battle

The track from the Milla Pass to Suez is the direct continuation of the shortest road to Cairo. So the Egyptians gained the impression of a direct threat to the Canal and Cairo from the Israeli paratroops.

They reacted immediately by sending their Second Infantry Brigade to counter-attack. On the morning of October 31 a considerable air battle was fought around the Milla Pass. The Egyptian Air Force made 40 or 50 sorties by a mixture of Russian MIGs and British Vampire fighters. The Israelis met these air operations with French Mysteres, 36 of which had been supplied by France during October. These were manned by Israeli pilots.

By the evening of November 1 the Israelis were firmly in possession of the area around the Milla Pass.

A party

The Israelis could easily have captured Ismailia and still more easily have scooped up 38 abandoned Russian T34 tanks only five miles east of Ismailia. But, for reason which will become apparent tomorrow, they left them there as an easy spoil for the English, the French, or the Egyptians. I wonder who's driving them now.

By reason of its swiftness and the totality of its success, the operation ranks with the highest military exploits.

During the last week in October two squadrons of the Esquadron Dijon were flown to Israel and stationed at Lydda Airport, 13 miles

from Tel Aviv. These two squadrons, comprising 36 aircraft, were manned by French pilots, and were additional to the 86 Mysteres which had earlier been supplied to the Israeli Air Force.

The French-manned fighters played an important part in the war. During the first two days of the Israeli offensive they supplied the air cover above the ground forces; and, more important still, they provided the protection that was necessary for the Israeli towns left open against Egyptian air attack.

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

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NOTICED THE TWIST IN THE OLD, OLD STORY?

A Mrs. with a Mister in the background...

BY SHIRLEY LOWE

IT went like the well-rehearsed script of a play we had all done many times before. "Now tell me," we would say, "to what do you attribute your success?" And the publicist, or the pop singer, or the actor, or the author, always replied: "I wouldn't be where I am today if it had not been for my wife, her loyalty..." and so on.

Her, with a really 4,000,000 worth of women putting out careers for themselves, the script has been considerably revised. Nowadays, it is the wife who hands the verbal bouquet to her husband.

Looking around at the well-known women in the world of art and literature, politics and business, entertainment, and fashion, it is the married ones who have made their mark.

The 1959 career woman is no man-hating spinster in tweeds and tough shoes, hacking a way through the masculine jungle. She is a Mrs with a Mr in the background whom she married years ago.

DEDICATED

The helpful husbands fall into four groups. But none are as efficient as the ones who give up everything to push the little woman into eminence.

DR. MIRO SKOFIC ("My wife belongs to the people. She is national property"), gave up doctoring to promote **LOLLO-BRIGIDA**.

Italian millionaire **GIOVANNI MATTEI** (*"My wife is the greatest singer in the world"*) sold his building business to turn a fat Greek-American into **MARIA CALLAS**. Hollywood executive, **RICHARD HALLIDAY**, married an unsuccessful starlet eighteen years ago and produced the smash, boisterous and utterly professional **MARY MARTIN**. Richard Halliday not only nurses his wife's career, he organizes the children, fixes her hairstyle, makes her appointments.

"I haven't been in the shop for ten years," Mary Martin has said. "Richard chooses all my clothes—the colours, the designs, the jewels, the hats."

After the pushers, the next most helpful husbands are the novice givers.

More and more husbands and wives are going into the same business. And the husbands in this partnership are invaluable.

They know what you should write if you are a writer, how you should look if you are an actress, and what you should say if you are a TV celebrity. Of course, lots of other people know, too, but no one is so unafraid to be frank as your husband.

JENNIFER HOCKING, a leggy, toothy model, who has been picked as the tops by photographer John French, is married to dress designer **NIGEL HOWLAND**.

"When I started, Nigel used to look at the pictures I had done and tell me not to stand in a particular pose, or that holding my arm in a certain position was unflattering," she told me. "And, of course, he knows, unlike most people, that modelling is hard work, not one great big holiday."

UNDERSTAND

The so-nice-to-come-home-to husbands are a great stabiliser for the busy career woman. They do not know much about her job, but they know everything about her. They are calm, understanding and provide a steady, home-life away from it all.

"The stage is such a pressure, mad world that you have



to have some place to go that represents peace to you," said **ELIZABETH SEAL**, success of *Imma la Decca* at the Lyric, and wife of advertising executive **PETER TOWNSHEND**.

"Some people find peace by themselves. But most theatre people are so used to crowds that when they are alone they are at a loss. So, if you find the man who means this to you, you are lucky."

"My husband adores my career. It's just as well, because it's not an easy thing being married to someone on the stage. No slippers by the fire, or anything like that."

The fourth type of helpful husband is the one who doesn't mean to be helpful at all—the man who likes his slippers by the fire and considers a woman's place to be the kitchen. It is my view that even these husbands are better than no husband at all for the woman with a career.

Novelist **BARBARA CARTLAND** agrees. "My husband hates my career," she said. "But women are frightfully bad at

sustained effort, and with a husband and children I never get the chance to get stale."

"I work hard when there are no men around, and when my husband and sons are home I do nothing except hang on their words. If I only had my career I know it would be a crashing bore and I would do it very badly."

So, whichever way you look at it, whatever kind of Mr you marry—if you want to get ahead get a husband.

WHEN SHOULD A BOY GET A DINNER-JACKET?

ONE problem looms high on many a mother's list. It is the problem of parties and the early teens. Every other mother I meet these days has great circles under her eyes—like a bloodhound.

She's been sitting up to all hours, waiting to collect little *Wilhelmine*—or *Willy*—from a teenage party, ending at midnight.

"I went to the cinema just to keep awake,"... "I can't let Charles stay up to collect them—he does have to be in by nine"... "I'm worn out with the hours my children keep."

All this from the parents of 15- and 16-year-olds... Also when does a small boy rate a dinner-jacket?

"When he stops growing," was the answer when I was young. But nowadays, wherever I go, I'm practically tripping over tiny tot dressed like little men and beating it up until all hours.

I'm bored to death with 13-year-olds in teeny weeny dinner-jackets... or exhausted looking children in frills when they should be in BED.

Resolve to rule the young before they rule YOU. Heroine of the year in a friend of mine, who staged a "jeans n' jerseys" party ("That way the boys won't worry").

"Drinks for parents at 10 o'clock, read the invitation. "Party over at 10.30."

She had more courage than I have.

Do It Now

Now for some more resolutions. Until this up wine, murmured millions of teen as they passed their lead-shed-filled heads from off the pillow.

"Never another cigarette," they said themselves as they passed their heads from off the pillow. "I will take more exercise, less wine, more advice, less food."

"I will be nicer to my wife and not too slap to anyone else."

Flattering

The not much to look at, but the man who looks like a fugitive from the West Side Story, corps de ballet, and who will wear a

Use Vodka

"The best way to cook, I think," said Eugenyi ("Ene," for short), "is to have all the bits and pieces assembled together with several glasses of spirit—vodka, for preference."

I think that even conservative folk would like his special salt herring hors d'oeuvre. He would suggest vodka to go with it, but that is not everybody's tipple.

Buy salt herrings. They are easily obtainable in districts where there is a Continental population. Soho, for instance. Soak them overnight in plain water. Clean and bone them, then cut them into mouth-sized pieces so that, should they be served in the living-room, they are easy to handle with a fork

alone. Sprinkle them with olive oil and add a little chopped onion and sliced, skinned tomato.

That is all. They are delicious. For a shellfish salad, Ene usually cooks a lobster in beer. This time, however, he was pressed for time, and used a tin of crab.

He flaked the flesh into minute segments and added very thinly sliced heart of celery, cut across, very little onion, olive oil and really good, thick home-made mayonnaise.

This, with brown bread and butter, was excellent. We then sat down to *Solyanka*—a Russian-style stew. To tell the truth, said Ene, "I did not intend to make this dish, but I bought so much meat, that I found I could, so I rushed over to the butcher and bought a marrow-bone."

"I was interested in that marrow so I asked him to cut the bone across. I boiled the bone, spiked out the marrow and added it to the beef which was cut into inch-sized dice. I also added a quarter salted cucumber—not one in vinegar—2 oz. mushrooms and two skinned tomatoes."

"I cooked these very quickly for a minute or two in a little olive oil over a hot fire, then turned the lot into a casserole with 2 tablespoons sour cream and a little stock from the bone," he said.

"I gave it an hour, covered, in a fairly hot oven, 375 degrees Fahr. (gas mark 6)."

"The key thing of this dish is the cucumber and sour cream. A pound of beef would serve four persons and it would go well with spaghetti for a light main dish."

Try Pelmeni

It was the "Pelmeni," the next course, which was the dish of the evening.

I would say that it is a kind of ravioli, but much more interesting in appearance. Each little unit looked like an almost half-opened flower bud.

It came from *Semipalatinsk*, which is now a university town, and "Pelmeni" is one of our oldest Siberian dishes," said Ene.

Add An Egg

"I use plain and self-raising flour, half and half, for a good batch, at least a pound."

"To this, I add a large egg, a little salt and about a quarter of a pint of water. I knead and knead—then I wrap the dough in a piece of foil while I make the filling."

"You want a mixture of half-beef and half-pork—no fat at all—with two onions and pepper and salt to taste. The meat and onions are chopped very finely. Half a pound of meat goes a long way."

"Roll out the dough until it is very thin—less than 1/16 in. thick. Stamp out rounds with a water glass. In the centre of each place a fist teaspoon of the filling. Pin the edges over, exactly like a Cornish pasty, and pinch the ends in together, then turn the ends in to meet and pinch them well together. Place the 'Pelmeni' on a large platter dusted with flour."

"When you are ready to cook them, bring stock from bones and, if you like, vegetables, to the boil in a large pot—it must be a large one."

"Drop the 'Pelmeni' into it. You don't have to worry about the cooking time. When they rise to the surface, they are ready, but I give them a minute or two longer."

"You have no idea how attractive that huge platter of steaming 'Pelmeni' was, with its luscious stock. With it were passed our cream, green salad and *Chateaufort du Pape*, 1954."

"The dishes they love! 'Who washes up?' I asked. 'That,' said Ene, 'is a constant war.'"

By this time, Ene was worn out with cooking and Ene's peevish mood was a little more relaxed. Ene's peevish mood was a little more relaxed. Ene's peevish mood was a little more relaxed.

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The Rodakovs: Coffee set to music.

as a ballet dancer, played the revolution days, and to the balalaika and guitar, taking me haunting tunes they played and back to Russian refugees in sang. Paris, in the immediate post-

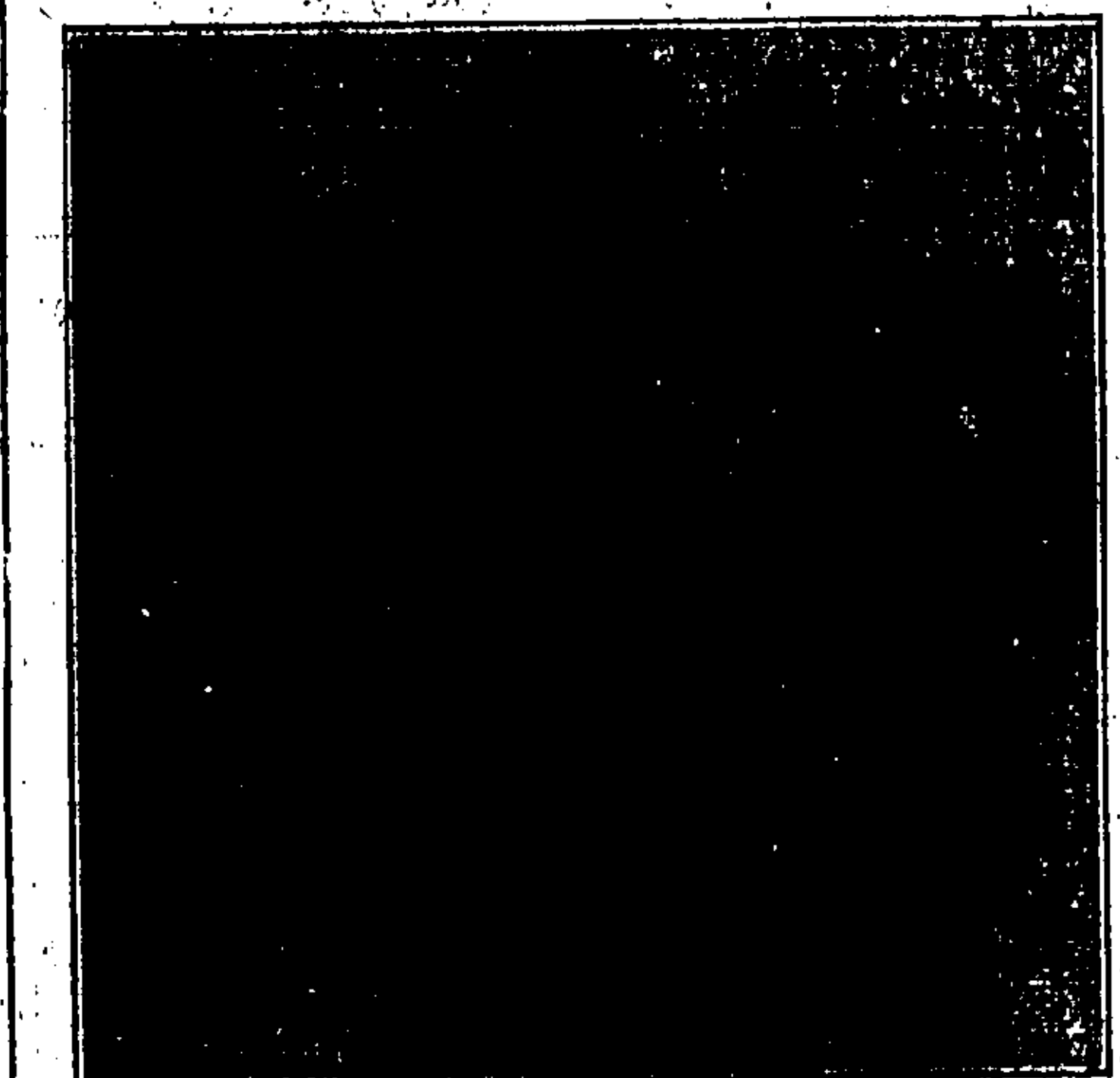
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PANIC IN A POET'S TEA SHOP

HAPPILY, some appropriate things happen. And nothing seems more harmonious and right than that Mr John Betjeman, poet of ingle-nooks and scenes for tea, should be concerned in a tea-shop.

Such opportunities to capture the rare and original essence of England should not be neglected.

So I begged to be a waitress for a day, a request that was granted with no surprise whatsoever.

My train to Berkshire was met by the poet's son, Paul, who kindly drew my attention to our destination. "There's Wantage glowing in the early morning sun."

Delicious

Wantage all quiz-winners will remember is King Alfred's birthplace—a fact which seems to be holding its own very well against the proximity of Harwell.

"Here's the café," said the poet's son. It is named—not too self-deprecatingly when one hears in mind that Wantage is King Alfred's hometown—King Alfred's Kitchen. Brick-built, all its verticals reeling charmingly out of plumb, this café is a long, narrow building roughly patterned into a large-shape occupying an island site off the market-place. It used to be a bookshop.

Inside, the rows of home-made preserves and piles of delicious home-made fudge and rum truffles remind one that the best way of experiencing nostalgia is to eat it.

It is a tea-shop that is all ingle-nook, for the log fire, the Saxons-style, right in the centre, adds any experienced waitress would have seen at once—that getting past that with trays of food was going to be like doing a tango dance round a night-walshman's brazier.

Mrs Betjeman's brazier, a huge, ornate, of onyx in the upstairs kitchen. The kitchen was one of those mud-die that are entirely and perfectly understood by those who were in them.

I See For Myself



ANNE SHARPLEY

The inspired amateurism of

all Here is England, I thought, where everybody is really something else and they do things for fun. Where bus conductresses are always ready that day and to be a professional at anything is always to be slightly unusual.

I was in no way out of place here.

Putting on a smart blue dress, I went down to the kitchen to serve coffees and cakes.

Training, me was Mrs King, who was a real undisciplined professional. She had been a "Nippy" for nine years and at Slater's for eight. "This is a piece of cake," she said.

Discovery

The "regulars" were coming in. They smiled vague good mornings at me, but I really think it was the Espresso machine they recognised.

Chief discovery from this phase of the day's work was how quickly plates of cakes disappeared. Tremendous ladies in tweeds, quickly dabbling up the remains of seven cakes, calmly ordered more.

A steadily staring man in a bowler tipped his coffee, and I wondered if I was the object of one of those vague conjectures, "James I have so often imagined in coffee." He solved never to be again.

At both, we started, sitting for lunch and tea under the stand-the tea table with which I have so often been refused lunch in the past, over to lunch for tea was a

complete, clattering transformation. We were lunch-obsessed. Lunch had, soaked to the very core of the solid timbers overhead.

Couldn't people see those rhinings, carefully placed rows of cutlery? Couldn't they smell these thick and starchy drafts of turkey, steak braised in wine—and chivalrous? It seemed the height of obtuseness to order coffee in this instance, this incantation of lunch.

The next three hours were like many intense experiences—they seem in retrospect to have scaled themselves off. They are an entangled mass of trips up and downstairs (always having to bear in mind that Maureen, the other waitress, didn't like pushing on the stairs because it's unlucky), terrible moments of panic when I realised that I'd clean forgotten an order or couldn't remember what people had had when I was making up their bill. Elusive when they and to all did. "That was very nice." There were two vicars. I remember the Lord-Lieutenant of Wiltshire, Lord Herbert, who had spaghetti and turkey.

All Over

Upstairs, cries of "I've lost the apron!" I was just going to strain them! "Just taste this wine sauce, I made it from the remains of John's elure." "Give me, I adore it!" Maureen doted balanced plates of food along the length of her arm (I had tried to do this earlier, but Mrs King had warned me it took six years' practice first.)

"Carry that third soup on your head, dear," someone advised. Mr Betjeman, smiling hugely, arrived for his lunch in the middle of it all leading a Pekinese tied up in a pink lace. "Stock was off. Sprouts were off. Spag. was off. Christmas bower was off (all I had really learned at that what was behind me). Suddenly it was all over. I was just going to have a rest, but now I have to go back to work."

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ABOVE: Clothing from the people of Canada to the poor in Hongkong was handed over to five charity organisations on Wednesday at the Gloucester Road waterfront. Pictured is a scene at the distribution.

★

RIGHT: D. and Mrs. Anthony Chan Chun-hoi, who were married at Rosary Church recently. The bride is the former Miss Josephine Tang Ling-may.



ABOVE: Miss Jenny De Frates and her partner seen rehearsing their number for the "Oriental Night" charity show at Queen's College, Causeway Bay, on Wednesday. The show, in aid of Kowloon Women's Welfare Club funds, will be held on January 20 and 22.



ABOVE: A farewell dinner was held on Tuesday in honour of Mr. Hin-shing Lo, First Magistrate at Hongkong Magistracy, and Mr. Puan Singh, Indian interpreter at the Supreme Court. Seen are (l-r): Mr. Lo, the Hon. the Chief Justice, Sir Michael Hogan, and Mr. Singh.

BELOW: Miss Yuko Matsumura giving a demonstration of flower arrangement at a meeting of the Hongkong Indian Women's Club last Friday.



ABOVE: A farewell party was held recently for Miss Joan Franklin, who is leaving for Malaya to become the bride of Mr. William Godfrey Izard, of Ipoh. Seen are (l-r): Miss Nina Smirnoff, Mr. R. M. Campbell (the host) and Miss Franklin.

★

LEFT: Mrs. J.C. McDouall, wife of the Secretary for Chinese Affairs, presents a certificate to a student of Yan Pak College, North Point, during the school's speech day which was held on Monday.

★

BELOW: Some 130 Police recruits donated blood for the British Red Cross Society blood bank on Tuesday. Seen are some of the donors lining up for their turn.



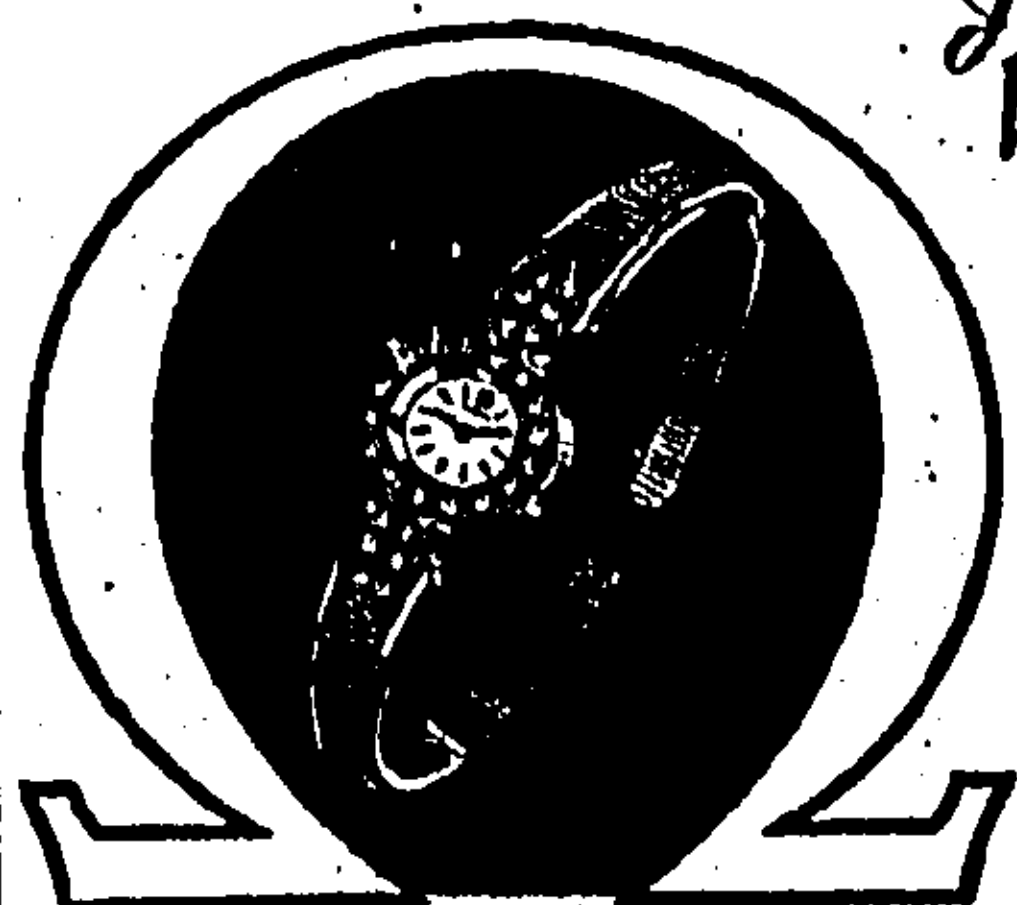
ABOVE: Mr. C. J. Norman, Commissioner of Prisons, takes the salute at a ceremonial parade held at Stanley Prison when Mr. C.T.F. McDonald, Acting Superintendent of Prisons, was presented with the Colonial Prison Service Medal for 18 years of exemplary service.



BELOW: Mr. Bernard Mellor, Registrar of the University of Hongkong, returned on Wednesday after a two-year secondment to the Colonial Office as advisor for colonial scholars in North America. He is pictured (third from left) with family and friends.

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GILMANS



ABOVE: The youngsters dig in during a successful party at Christ Church Hall for the church's Sunday School members, cubs and choir boys last Saturday.

★
RIGHT: A 23-year-old Austrian girl, Christino Walzenbacher, arrived in Hongkong recently on a hitch-hiking tour of the world. She has already seen India, Ceylon, Thailand, Malaya, Cambodia, Vietnam, Indonesia, Manila and Japan. She intends to visit China.



ABOVE: Mr and Mrs Tam Chi-kin after their wedding at the Registry last Saturday. The bride is the former Miss Susan Soo. The groom is a Co-operative Officer. The reception was held later at the Paramount Restaurant.



ABOVE: Members of the French Ballet Company and other guests seen at a cocktail party given in the troupe's honour by Mrs Elizabeth Tosar.

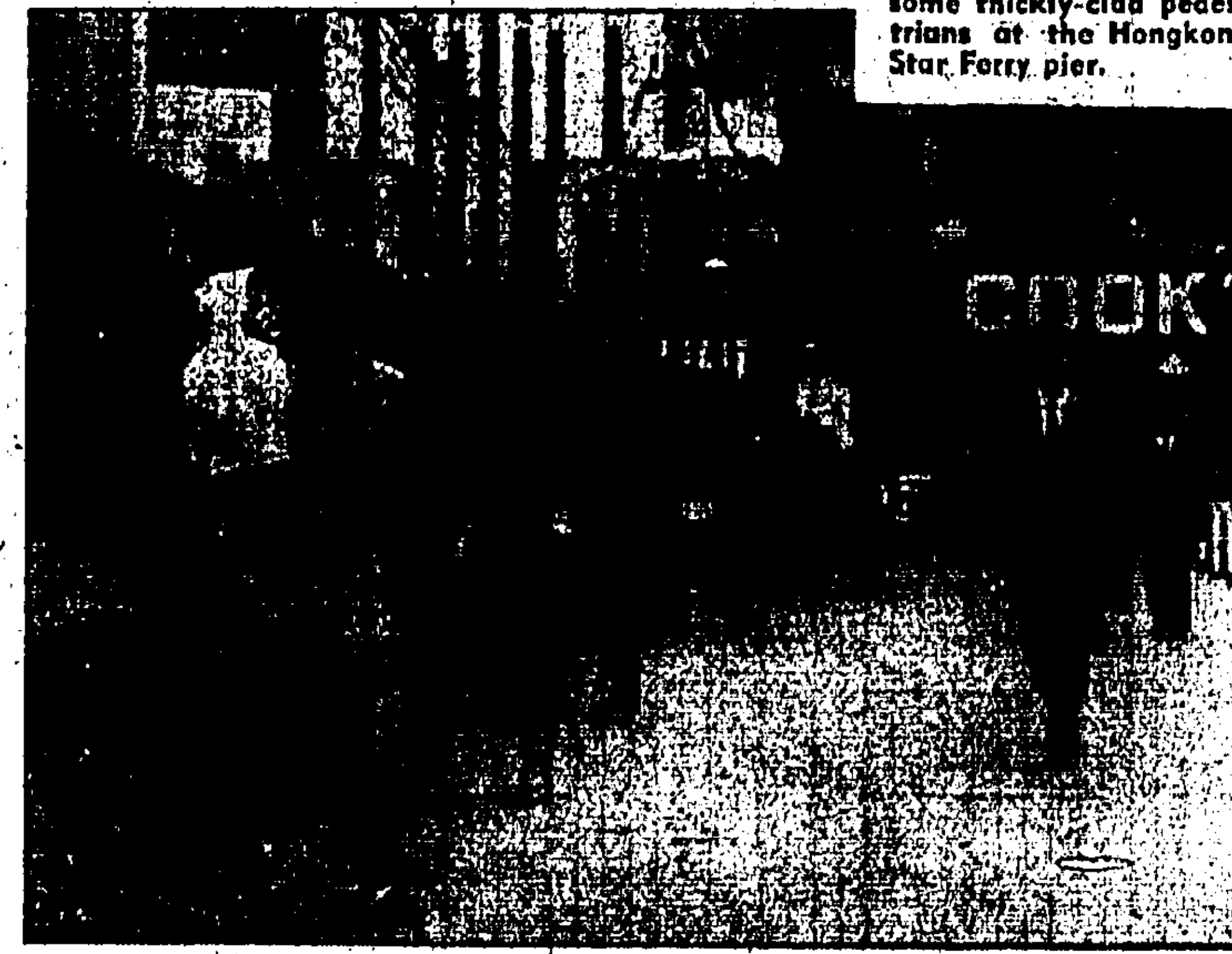
★
LEFT: Mr Eddie Au-yang, of Radio Hongkong, interviews one of the winners of an essay contest sponsored by the Publicity Section of the 16th Exhibition of Hongkong Products. The presentations were made in the Social Hall of the CMA on Wednesday.

★
BELOW: Hongkong experienced a cold wave recently. Overcoats and mufflers became a common sight overnight, as the public shivered in the 42.5 degree Fahrenheit winds. Seen here are some thickly-clad pedestrians at the Hongkong Star Ferry pier.



ABOVE: The Chilean Consul-General, Mr Francisco Jose Oyarsun (left), being presented recently with the insignia of the Knight Commander of the North Star by the Swedish Consul, Mr Torsten Chr. Bjorck.

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Pretty Miss Exhibition, (right) seventeen-year-old Miss Leung Kwan-lai, is congratulated by Miss Lock Toi recently. The CMA Exhibition of Hongkong Products closed down on January 9 after a highly successful month-long display.



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ABOVE: Private Charles Roy-Munro, who was born in the United States, is interviewed by newsmen on his successful bid to enlist in the British Army and to carry on a family tradition. In centre is the recruit's father, Sergeant John Roy-Munro.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: Dr the Hon. D.J.M. Mackenzie (in black suit), Director of Medical and Health Services, seen with the staff of the new Shau-kiwan Eye Clinic which he opened on Monday.

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★ ★ ★
Top column
of Show
Business

Roderick Mann CHEVALIER (He's 70) STILL HAS THEM SIGHING



● Peggy Cummins—too rarely seen on the screen these days—appears opposite John Gregson in a new film "The Captain's Table," which opens in London shortly. Married to company director Derek Dunnett, Miss Cummins is the mother of a four-year-old boy, David.

THE cinema was packed for the premiere of *Gigi*. Outside, in the Boulevard Adolphe Max, necklets of light stretched far into the distance. From loudspeakers came the sound of soft music. And in the foyer stood the man I had come to see... the old boulevardier himself, Maurice Chevalier.

He saw me, and ambled over, just as a pretty girl brushed past him. Chevalier looked at her—and she blushed. And over that lined, well-lived face a smile broke, like the sea running over the sand.

"You see," he chuckled, "I still look at pretty girls. Though looking at them and running after them are two very different things, alas."

"I suspect," I said, shaking his hand, "that you will always look at pretty girls."

"But of course," he said. "One must—unless one is dead or paralysed. The view is so attractive."

He took my arm and we walked away from the crowds thronging around him. It was a big night for him, the old boulevardier. At 70 he was being discovered by a new generation—the young cinema-goers to whom he had been only a name until now.

"Old Maurice is becoming known again," said Chevalier. "This time as an uncle, or a benevolent father. No longer as a lover. All that is past."

IT'S SO SIMPLE

"How did you know when to stop playing the lover?" I asked.

Chevalier raised his eyebrows.

"It is simple," he said. "One day you compare the face in your mirror with your passport picture. And if you are honest with yourself you know it is time to stop."

"It would embarrass me to play the lover on the screen now. And it would embarrass the audience too. So I am my age: I am Audrey Hepburn's... her in *Love in the Afternoon*. ... Louis Jourdan's uncle in *Gigi*."

We walked on while around us people jostled and cheered.

"Mind you," said Chevalier, "I do not want you to think I am finished. Oh, no. Oh, no, no, no."

"When I was talking to Marilyn Monroe in Hollywood only a week or so ago I found myself flirting with her. Ah, if only I had been 20 years younger..."

He smiled, a little ruefully.

"In my heart, though, I do not approve of old men and young girls together," he said. "They are not a pretty sight."

We stopped for a moment and looked at a poster advertising the film.

"You know," said Chevalier, "fifty years ago I saw Colette, the author of *Gigi*, on the stage."

She was an artist, then—it was before she became a writer—and I thought she was wonderful.

"Years later I met her and said: 'Do you know, I fell in love with you on that stage?'"

And she said, for she was then quite old: 'Maurice, you old fool—what is the good of telling me that now?'"

He chuckled. "That's life," he said.

TOO ORDINARY

The cinema was filling up. Everyone was looking at Chevalier.

"I am a simple man," he said. "So I have never been accepted by the sophisticates. I started as a low comedian, you see. I am too ordinary for them. And my friends have always been simple people."

BRUSSELS.

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SIMPLE LIFE

The premiere was almost due to start. People were filling into their seats. Everyone waited for the star, Chevalier.

"Today," he said, "I lead a simple life at my home, outside Paris. I live with my elder brother, whom I love, and we are happy. (Chevalier, married to Yvonne Vallee in 1927, was divorced in 1933)."

"In this film," I said, "you sing a nostalgic song 'I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore.' Are you in truth glad that the heart-aches are past?"

"Yes," said Chevalier, "I would not want to have my life ever again. I have no regrets. I am content."

He smiled at me: a smile which embraced me, his thoughts, and the long dead years.

Then, amid cheers, the old boulevardier walked on alone into the cinema...

(London Express Service).

SO I FAILED BUT I'VE NO REGRETS, SAYS SEBERG

JEAN SEBERG gave a small, sour smile. Said she: "I know it will take a long time and a lot of hard work to live down my first two films."

"I hope I will manage to show people that I am not such a bad actress because I am still very interested in films."

"But I also know that I'm not interested in sacrificing my life to becoming a film star. I have already seen too many examples of people wrecking their lives in different ways to do that."

"I think I know now where I went wrong before."

It's simply, I guess, that a puppet is a poor substitute for an actress or an individual personality.

"And that is what I was. Mr. Preminger was very kind and very determined to make me a success in 'Saint Joann.' He failed. And so did I."

"Funnily enough I have no regrets now about what happened to me. It seemed terrible at times because I had to grow up in an awful rush."

ALONE

"Most of all, I had to learn to be alone. When I was filming my life was spent in front of the cameras all day. And alone in my hotel room at night."

"Then" after it all I had a solid year alone in New York. I was famous yet I had nothing to be proud of. I could not go back and there seemed nothing to go forward for. My small hometown in Ohio seemed a million years away.

"I had to develop myself as a person to get through the year. Fortunately I had my husband Francois and his love to help me."

THE FUTURE

"Now nothing seems as desperate as it did. It's strange how things build up from that realization."

"My contract has been taken over by Columbia Pictures from Mr. Preminger. I now look like getting parts I can handle. Like this one with Peter Sellers in 'The Mouse that Roared.'"

"So I hope you have not heard the last of me yet. If you have—Miss Seberg lifted her shoulders and let them fall limply. "If you have," she said, "I guess I'll survive."

INSIDE SHOW BUSINESS

EDITED BY JOHN LAMBERT
AND PETER EVANS

Susan Hayward in the gas chamber!

"I WANT TO LIVE," a film of the real-life murder trial and gas-chamber execution of American underworld career girl Barbara Graham, has met with censor trouble in Britain.

The film, starring Susan Hayward as murderess Graham, has been hailed throughout America as one of the finest of the year.

Hayward's vivid, sometimes shattering, performance is being strongly tipped to win the best actress Oscar award.

And the British censor agrees that producer Walter Wanger has indeed made a fine film. An exciting, tightly told drama of a woman waiting, hoping, finally praying for a reprieve that never comes.

But the final San Quentin gas-chamber scenes, in which even the poison pellets are seen exploding, have caused the censor to hold up the film.

For if he passes this scene it will make film history as the first legal execution ever to be shown in its entirety in the British cinema.



"You're shortly going on a big sea voyage..."

The stars' pay-packet—

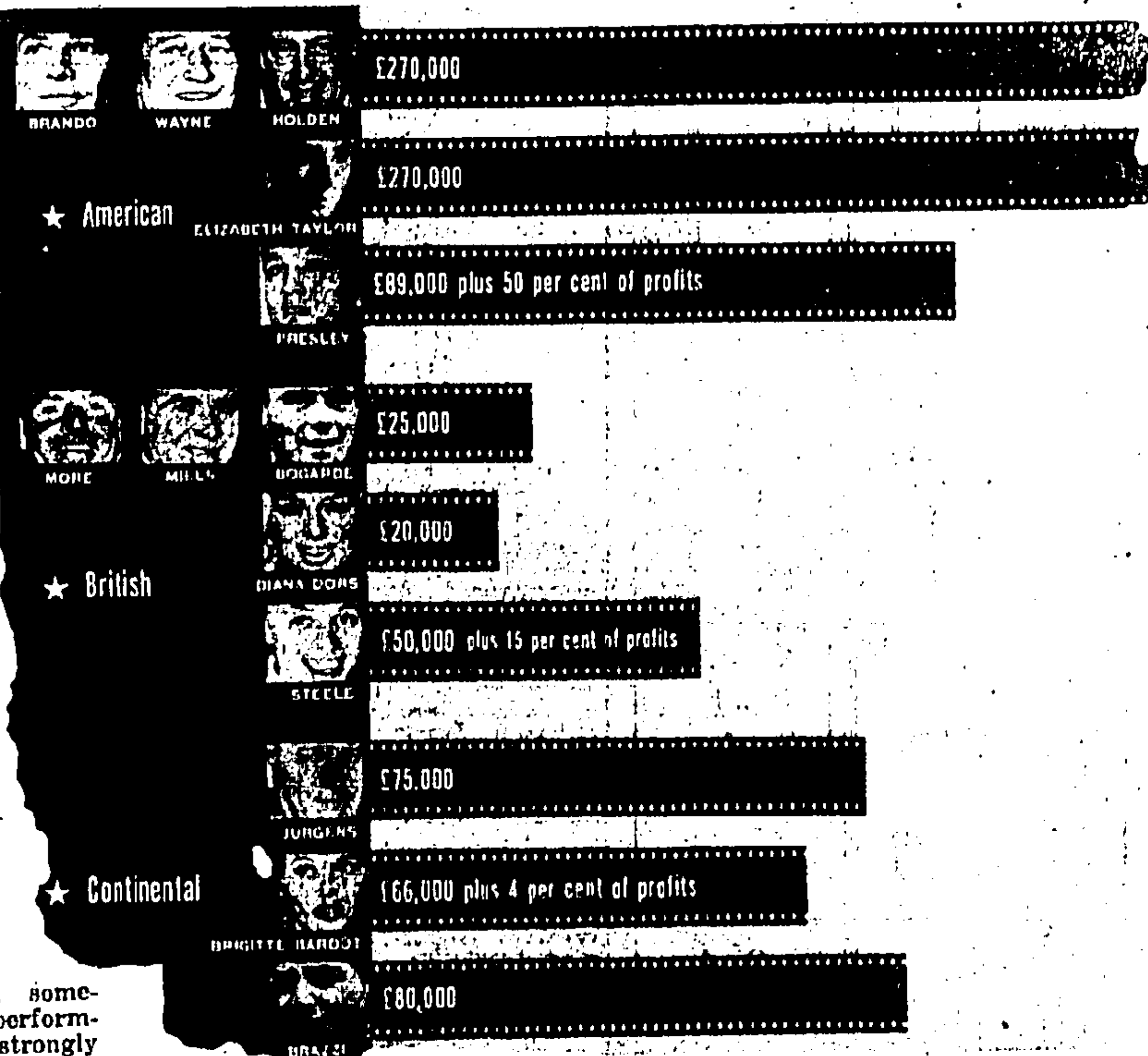


CHART BY MICHAEL RAND

—are they strangling themselves?

SOME STARS are close to pricing themselves out of business," snapped film boss Mike Frankovich last week. How close is close? In the top \$270,000-a-picture bracket (see chart) the stars seldom take their money in one wage packet. Usually payment is spread over a number of years, to ease tax problems. British stars in British films earn far less than top Hollywood names. But a British star in an American-backed

picture will command a higher salary. Dirk Bogarde, for example, in his first Hollywood film next year, is said to be getting \$70,000. Nearly three times his British salary. Continental stars have now stepped into the big-money bracket because of their added appeal in international films.

CONTRAST NOTE: In 1939 the world's highest paid star was Greta Garbo. Her salary: \$30,000 a YEAR.

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IN THE TALL, TRIANGULAR BOTTLES

Sole Importers: WINE & SPIRITS COMPANY, 111A, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 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1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 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1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2

CYRIL STAPLETON'S COLUMN

Now, just for a change, meet the man behind those hit songs!

MEET Britain's Mr Music—Joe Henderson, who two years ago started his own music publishing concern with no capital, a lot of talent, and the laughs of Tin Pan Alley ringing in his ears. Even his friends said he was mad, tried to dissuade him.

His first publication, written by himself, was "No one." Comedian Jerry Lewis recorded it and Henderson collected a double dose of royalties.

He followed it up with "Dream of Paradise," written by himself. David Whitfield recorded it.

Next, with lyricist Jack Fishman, he wrote "Why Don't They Understand?"

£10,000 note

American singer George Hamilton IV recorded it, and it was a hit. Other versions by Glen Mason, John Fraser, and The Zodiacs augmented the Henderson bank balance.

That one song has earned Messrs. Henderson and Fishman around £10,000.

Now everybody understands that Joe Henderson means big business.

In America it was voted one of the 10 most successful ditties of the year, and Henderson has been asked to fly over to pick up an award.

But he is pushed for time—particularly since the triumph of "Trudie"—written, published and recorded by Henderson.

He played it in the TV show "Cool for Cats." Warwick Films rang him, asked to use it as a theme for "The Man Inside"—starring Anita Ekberg and Jack Palance.

They scrapped the original background music and commissioned a fresh score written around the "Trudie" theme.

Despite the retooling involved, they renamed the Ekberg character Trudie.

One snag...

His only snag so far was when he went to Paris with Petula Clark to accompany her at the Paris Alhambra.

He also had a date with Brigitte Bardot to rehearse her

before she recorded his latest composition, "St. Tropez." Henderson and the technicians waited five hours. Bardot never came. He's still ready to make the record, which just goes to show how he deserves to succeed.

For Christmas he had recorded a family song—medley: "Sing To With Joe." This Christmas Joe has something to sing about.

In search of a hit

I forecast a bright future for young singer Craig Douglas. He is by way of being a phenomenon.

Among the ruck of young hopefuls who mill around the TV studios currently, he stands out a mile. He looks normal.

He patronises an old-fashioned barber instead of a hair-stylist and he wears a collar and tie.

And he can sing. He is a striping of 17, an ex-milk roundman from the Isle of Wight. Down there they know him better as Terry Perkins.

He was discovered in a local talent show and before he could say British Railways he was on "6.5 Special" and cutting his first record for Decca.

His first flopped saleswise and his second "Are You Really Mine" is still in the lag of the teenagers who make stars.

There is some perplexity among his professional advisers.

The Douglas talents lean toward light ballads whereas the young record addicts go for better.

And to confuse the issue even more, the kids who didn't rush to buy his records greeted his "6.5" appearances rapturously.

His fan mail, I'm told, is enormous. All that stands between young Douglas and dazzling fame is the right song to make a hit record.

I hope he finds it.

Now see how he rates in *The Top Ten*

- 1 IT'S ALL IN THE GAME Tommy Edwards (M.G.M.) (1)
- 2 HOOTS MON Lord Rockingham's XI (Decca) (3)
- 3 BIRD DOG Everly Brothers (London) (2)
- 4 A CERTAIN SMILE Johnny Mathis (Fontana) (5)
- 5 MORE THAN EVER Malcolm Vaughan (H.M.V.) (8)
- 6 IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE Conway Twitty (M.G.M.) (20)
- 7 COME PRIMA Marino Marini (Darius) (4)
- 8 MOVE IT Cliff Richard (Columbia) (7)
- 9 STUPID CUPID CAROLINA MOON Connie Francis (M.G.M.) (6)
- 10 TEA FOR TWO CHA Tommy Dorsey Orchestra (Brunswick)

Big Show Disc

By JOHN LAMBERT

WEST SIDE STORY

(Philips) L.P. The first show record in a long time that sounds more exciting at the 20th playing than the first. None of the tunes is of ordinary "pop" standard.

But at least two—"Tonight" and "Cool"—are outstanding songs by any standard. The score ranges from the mazy to the rhapsodic.

Really, the artists are a long way from perfect, but their verve makes a muzzy note seem a minor point.

Until her end in the fjord in the north, the Tirpitz never played on the Atlantic conveyor routes.

How was it that the explosion occurred so long after the extreme limit of time expected? Nobody knows.

THE BOOK PAGE

Who Fixed The Fuses At St. Nazaire?

by George Malcolm Thomson

THE GREATEST RAID OF ALL. By C. E. Lucas Phillips. Heinemann, 18s.

THE morning after the raid on St. Nazaire in 1942 it seemed that this heroic and costly exploit (25 per cent dead among the picked personnel) had been something less than a success.

For once it was a raid with a strategic purpose: to destroy the great Normandy Dock so that it could not be used by the Tirpitz, Germany's, and the world's, most powerful battleship, as a bolt-hole after some attack on Atlantic shipping.

Escape chance If the Tirpitz had to return to her Norwegian fjord after a sally, then her chance of escaping the British Navy would be greatly reduced.

Immediately after the raid was over, the position was this: an old destroyer, the Campbelltown, had rammed the gates of the dock, but the explosive charges inside her had failed to detonate; the pumping station had been blown up, disabling the dock for a year; the British Commandos, after a violent, gallant battle ashore, had mostly been rounded up.

A magnificent coup, but as the German Intelligence officer said to Lieut. Commander Beattie: "Your people obviously did not know what a hefty thing that dock-gate is. It was really useless trying to smash it with a flimsy destroyer."

At that moment the glass from the window crashed on the floor. The whole of St. Nazaire shook with an almighty explosion. Four hours after their due time, the fuses in the Campbelltown had done their work.

"That, I hope, is the proof," said Beattie, "that we did not underestimate the strength of the gate."

After all, the St. Nazaire raid had achieved its strategic purpose. The destroyer, with over 100 German visitors aboard, went to her violent and honourable doom. The lock-gate was smashed.

Until her end in the fjord in the north, the Tirpitz never played on the Atlantic conveyor routes.

How was it that the explosion occurred so long after the extreme limit of time expected? Nobody knows.

But Lucas Phillips speaks of a legend persisting in St. Nazaire that a British officer—whom French workmen say they saw—went back on board the Campbelltown and reloaded the quiescent charges, killing himself in the process.

"The finger of surmise" points at Captain W. H. Pritchard, a tall, fiery Welshman. The trouble is that Pritchard's body lies buried with those of his comrades in a cemetery near St. Nazaire.

Certainly it would be remarkable if no legend were to grow up round an incident so breath-takingly courageous as the St. Nazaire raid. The daring, improbable exploit may have had a heroic, improbable climax.

The story as told by Lucas Phillips is complex and quite enthralling.

The forces engaged were too light. The diversionary bombing was not severe enough. Losses were heavy indeed. Here is how 611 men sailed into the estuary of death, how 169 died and how five won the VC.

Muddled terror THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Alan Moorehead. Collins and Hamish Hamilton, 30s.

From a morass of religious mania, bureaucratic corruption, war, defeat and cynicism, there crawled one day a monster, the Russian Revolution.

Retelling the extraordinary drama, Moorehead cannot, of course, rival the graphic, biased eye-witness narrative of John Reed or compete with Trotsky, brilliant false historian and leading member of the east.

But he has freshness of approach, humour, freedom from partisan bigotry, a gift of selection.

This is a most readable, vivid, well-balanced account of the enormous muddle—in which there was more tobacco smoke than powder smoke—during which Russia passed from one Terror to another.

(London Express Service).

MY QUARREL WITH THIS PORTRAIT OF THE QUEEN'S FATHER by Anne Edwards

THIS WEEK the China Mail is making a new departure in book reviewing to mark the publication of "King George VI," by John Wheeler-Bennett. This first authorised biography of the late King is an exceptionally important addition to history, and so, to appreciate its significance more fully, the Express has invited four people of differing standpoints to examine the issues it raises. This is the second opinion, this time from a woman's eyes....

I WISH there could be some means for letting someone like Peter Ustinov loose on the Royal Archives.

In face of this new, official portrait of King George VI, I feel exactly as I do in face of any official royal portrait in oils. I just wish it would come alive.

Melodious, authentic, detailed, fair, scholarly, there is no error of taste or judgment. It is an important public record of the constitutional life of a monarch.

No shocks

But it adds little to what we already knew of the King as a man. It springs no personal surprises. It sinks under the too general conviction that in writing about admiring royal persons admiring any human weakness would be treason.

The admiring descriptions which are freely scattered through the book are a trifle pompous: "firmness of principle... practical and punctilious mind... simple faith in simple beliefs... selfless service to his peoples... personal self-sacrifice... unsparing devotion to duty."

And yet the King must have had a slyer sense of the ridiculous than all this suggests. He betrays it in his own account of the Imperial christening where the baby fell into the font and he had to scoop it out. He must have giggled when the butler at the White House fell into the

after-dinner party with a tray of drinks.

He must have found it hard to keep a straight face when (as he noted in his diary) at the Coronation the bishops of Durham, and Bath and Wells lost the place in the ceremony when he had to take the Coronation oath, and the Archbishop coming to the rescue held down his book and unfortunately put his thumb over the words.

And when it came to the supreme moment he wrote in his diary: "My Lord Great Chamberlain was supposed to dress me but I found his hands fumbled and shook so I had to fix the belt of the sword myself."

"As it was he nearly put the hilt of the sword under my chin trying to attach it to the belt."

"At last, all the various vestments were put on and the archbishop had given me the two sceptres."

"The supreme moment came when the archbishop placed the St. Edward's Crown on my head. I had taken every precaution, as I thought, to see that the Crown was put on the right way round, but the dean and the archbishop had been juggling with it so much that I never did know whether it was right or not."

What we do get, and it is only, by the way, in scattered remarks, is a fascinating picture of the Royal Family's gift for living a simple, almost middle-class life against a grand and momentous background.

(Macmillan, 60s.)

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(Macmillan, 60s.)

The Aunt Sophie "who was there too," the Missy who was "in great form," the "poor" Mignon who was in bed all the time" are respectively the exiled Queen of Greece, Queen Marie of Yugoslavia, and Queen Marie of Rumania.

And when dear Uncle Willy died so suddenly, King George V wrote in his diary: "We were all terribly shocked and grieved last Tuesday, the 18th inst., to receive the sad news that dear Uncle Willy the King of Greece had been assassinated at Salonica, by a Greek."

"It is too horrible. He was out for a walk as usual in the street, when this brute came up behind him and shot him through the heart."

Gold plate

The economy cut, which he made voluntarily in the slump of 1931, was giving up the hunt with the Pychley... "And I must sell my horses too... the parting with them will be terrible."

When he modernises an old house, and has trouble with the boiler—it is Royal Lodge and Office of Works as is dealing with.

When the wartime meals served at Buckingham Palace were cut to the same mediocrity as "might have been served in any home in England," they were still served on gold plate.

When he wrote: "Food, clothes, and fuel are the main topics of conversation with us all," it was the King Emperor writing from Sandringham to the Duke of Gloucester.

My quarrel with the portrait is that it seldom comes alive. In all the 603 pages I never found one reference to the smallest failing, except that as a midshipman, when ill with gastric ulcers, he was sometimes subject to "squalls of temper."

We know that he was often irritable. That he could swear as picturesque as Philip. That he was more likely to talk about the electrical installation involved in lighting a great picture than the picture itself. We get none of that.

Yet would anyone like him any the less for knowing he had a failing or two—or admire him any the less, either?

NEXT WEEK

Lord Altrincham gives his forthright views

FICTION SHELF

By LAURENCE MARKS

STRANGER IN GALAH. By Michael Barrett. Longmans, 13s. 6d.

An Australian "Western" of the present day on the classic theme of the embittered stranger who rides into a pioneer town and challenges the reigning tycoon. Plenty of action. Told in brusque, vivid prose that gives the borrowed genre a distinctive Australian tang.

THE SALT OF THE HIDE. By Betty Singleton. Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.

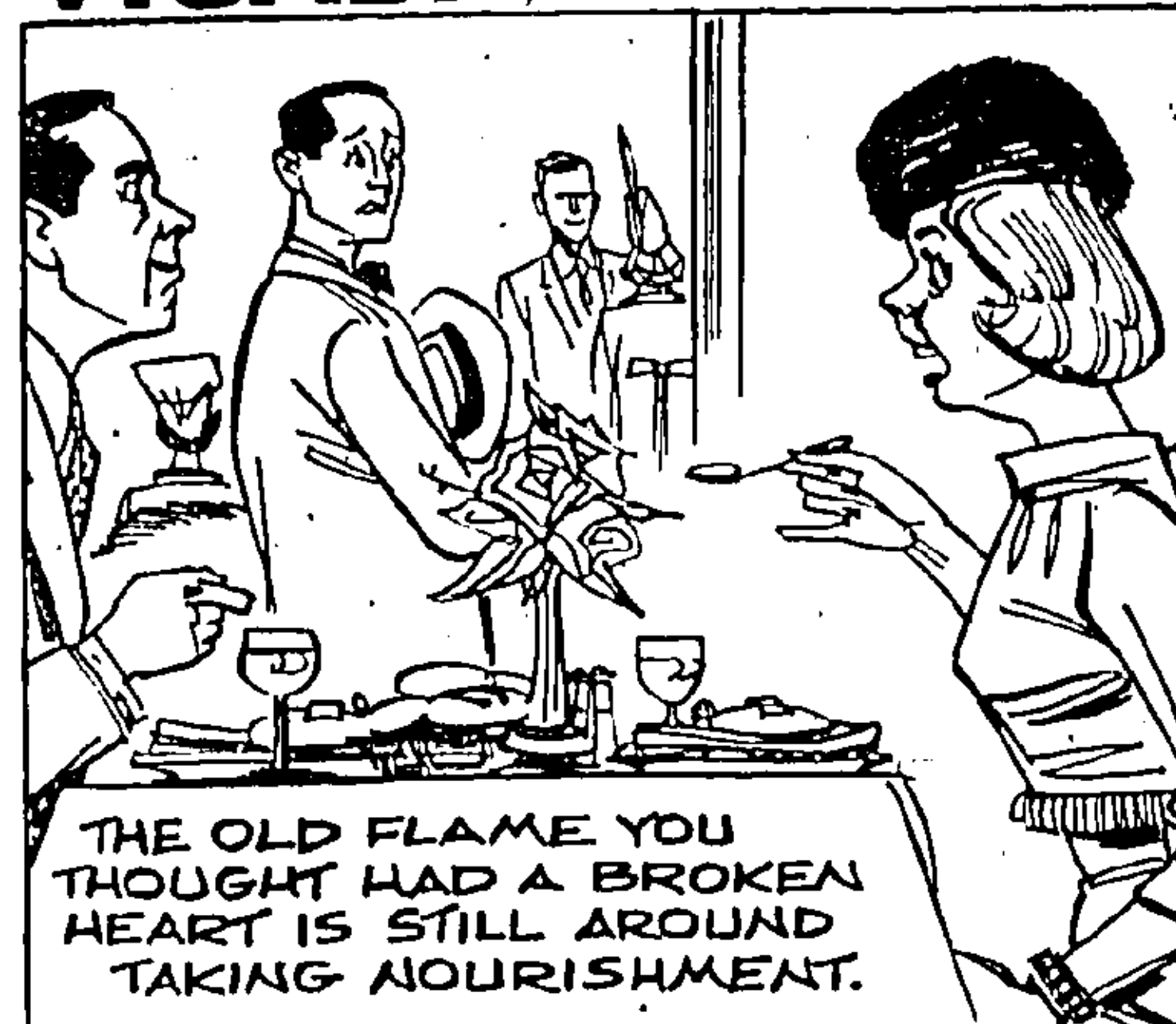
Visiting Canadian businessman's struggle to redeem hoodlum who has tried to coah him on a London street. Mrs Singleton's heart is in the right place, but most of her characters—saintly social worker, evil old corrupter of youth—seem to have wandered in from a nearby melodrama.

FLIGHT INTO DANGER. John Castle & Arthur Halley. Souvenir Press, 11s. 6d.

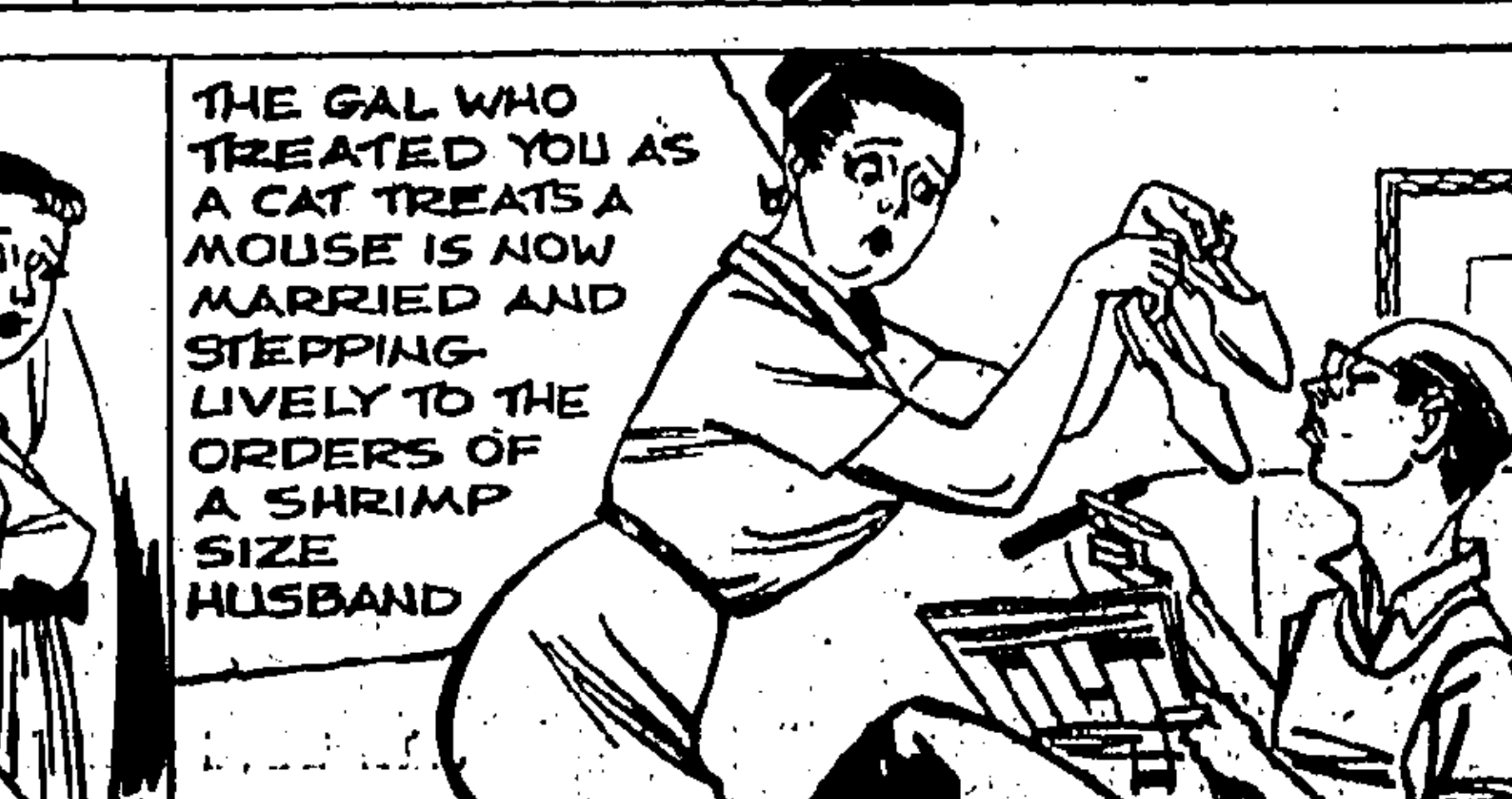
Mr Halley's nerve-wrecking TV play, about a plane-load of football fans who discover both pilots unconscious through food poisoning, has been adapted into boy's magazine clichés. It makes a pretty tense thriller, even so.

(London Express Service).

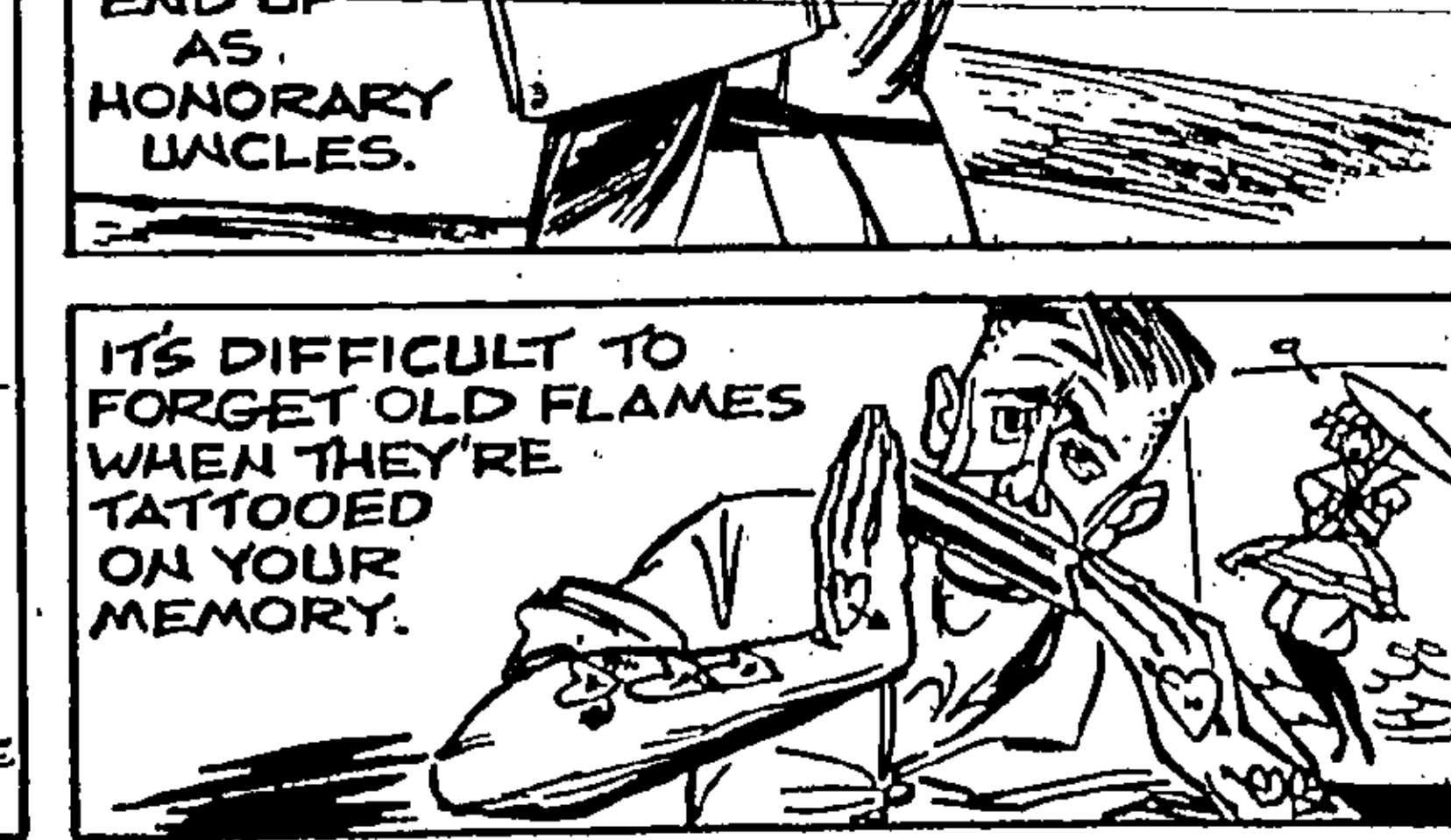
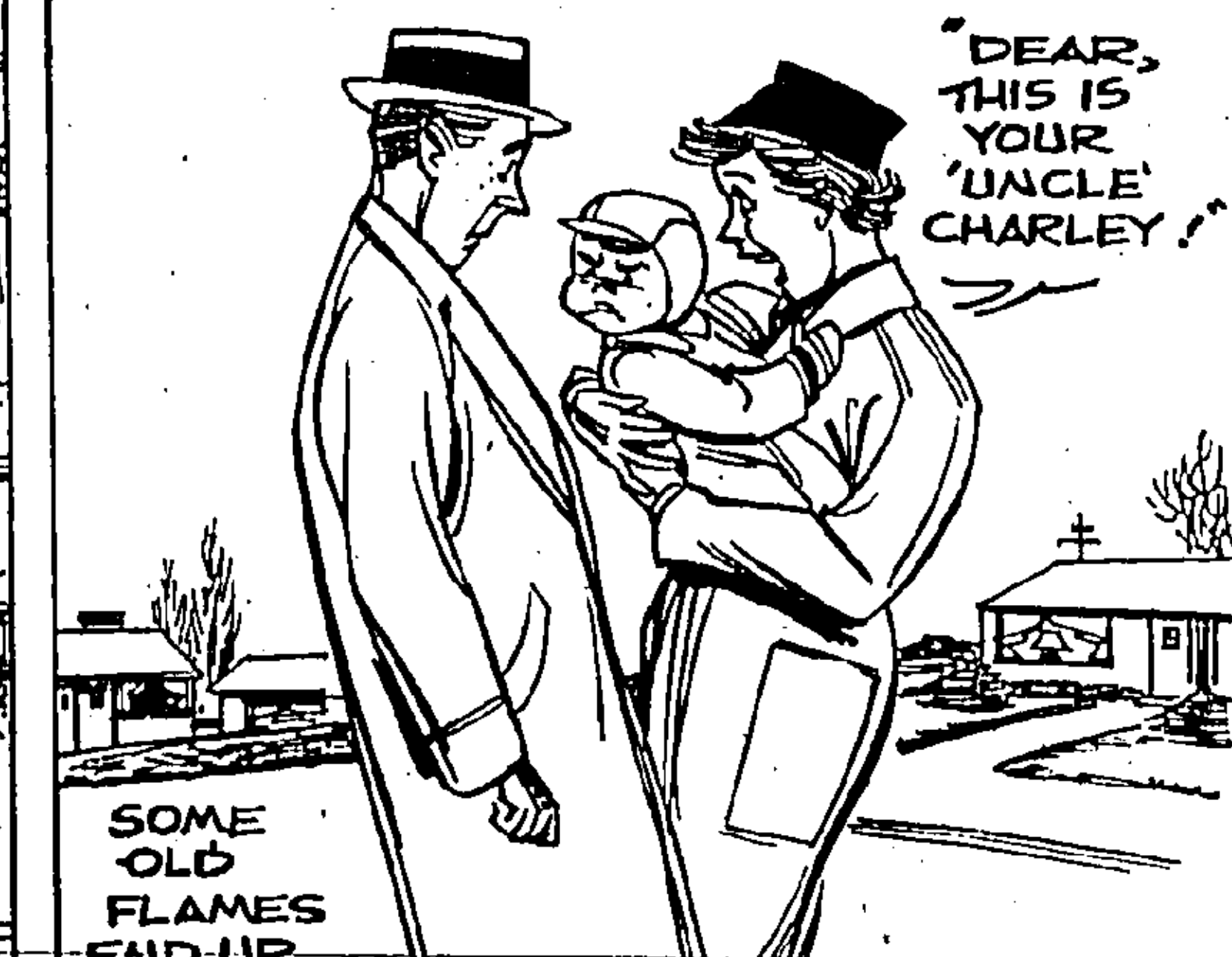
VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Old Flames



By Harry Weinert



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

(Broadcasting on a frequency
800 kilocycles per second.)

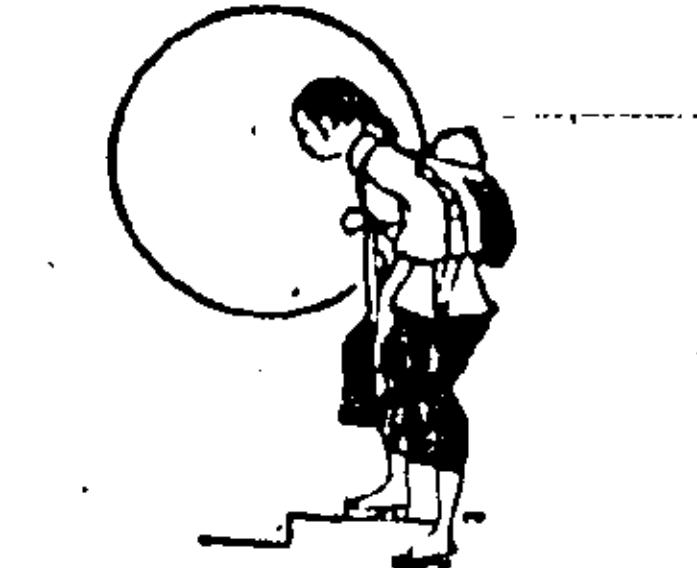
Today

- 12.30 P.M. ROMANCE IN MUSIC & SONG. SIGNAL.
- 1.15 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 1.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 2.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 2.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 3.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 3.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 4.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 4.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 5.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
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- 6.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 7.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 7.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 8.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 8.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 9.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 9.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 10.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 10.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 11.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 11.30 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.
- 12.00 P.M. THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH. Commentaries from Yuen Long Middle School.

Tomorrow

- 8.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL. WEATHER REPORT. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 8.10 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 8.30 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 9.00 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 9.30 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 10.00 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 10.30 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 11.00 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 11.30 A.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 12.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 12.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 1.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 1.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 2.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 2.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 3.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 3.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 4.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 4.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 5.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 5.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
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- 11.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 11.30 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.
- 12.00 P.M. THE NEWS. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. SHOW.

H.K.S.P.C.

Needs financial support for the
sake of poor childrenPlease address communications
—Secretary, Hongkong
Society for the Protection
of Children, P.O. Box, 2002
Hongkong.Please send us your unwanted toys
Collection centre at Redifusion.PRESS
PHOTOGRAPHSCopies of photographs
taken by the South China
Morning Post, South China
Daily, Post-Herald, and
China Mail Staff Photo-
graphers are on view in
the Morning Post Building.

ORDERS BOOKED

AROUND THE SHOW
BY RADIOThis year, for the first time, Radio Hongkong will
be broadcasting live from the Agricultural
Show at Yuen Long.At 1.30 on Saturday after-
noon the studio will
hand over to the VHF
transmitter in the show ground.
After the Governor's opening
speech, three commentators will
take listeners on a tour of the
show.

Fat Choy

This week Radio Hongkong
and Redifusion join forces to
raise money for the poor, to
offer them some comfort during
a cold Chinese New Year.Both radio stations are de-
voting their transmission in
English to the campaign, in
which some of the Colony's best
known broadcasters will be
playing requests in return for
pledge of money for the drive.
From 3.15 p.m. to 12.00 a.m.
on Thursday, Friday and Satur-
day a force of more than thirty
volunteers will man the tele-
phones, the studios and the
cash registers. There will be
sixty-tunes to choose from, and
to get one on the air the bids
have to reach \$200. There'll be
broadcasters in front of the
microphone, including John
Vaughan, Ted Thomas and the
Dorland from Radio Hongkong,
and from Redifusion, Nick
Kendall, Charles Harvey and
Frank Miles.Listen to the opening trans-
mission at 9.15 on Thursday
evening, and if you wish to help
the poor and hear your favour-
ite music played, watch the
press for that special telephone
number for dialling Operation
Fat Choy!The telephone number for
donations and requests will be
30375.At the first broadcast of Take
It From Here, way back in 1948,
the whole cast wondered if theseries would last the six weeks
allotted to it.But the six weeks were ex-
tended to 12, later to 18, and
now, in its eleventh year, Take
It From Here is as fresh and
as formidable as ever, with Ron
Glum and Eth firmly established
in the Colony's front parlour as
one of Britain's most popular
but compulsive young couples.This Tuesday evening at 8.15,
there will be a special 10th
Anniversary programme, in
which, in addition to the usual
fun and riot, there will be a few
reminiscent comments from
producer Charles Maxwell.In this week's Sunday Con-
cert at 9.15 p.m. Radio Hong-
kong will broadcast a BBC
transmission of the world
premiere of Vaughan Williams'
last symphony, given last year
by the Royal Philharmonic Or-
chestra under the baton of Sir
Malcolm Sargent at the Royal
Festival Hall.Among the variations Dr
Williams introduced into this
new work is the use of the
flugelhorn and the saxophone,
two instruments not usually
allowed in the select circle of
the symphony orchestra.In addition to choosing the
six records which he would be
prepared to live with should he
be marooned on a desert island,
Nick will also be asked to talk
about his life story and his
broadcasting career, which has
covered many countries before
he finally settled, temporarily,
in Hongkong."Castaway's Choice" is at 6.30
p.m.G. V. Wynne-Jones and Rex
Alston will be doing the com-
mentaries, and Will Wooller the
summary.This Monday our recital will
be given by Freda Blank, the
well-known New Zealand
teacher and pianist.Freda Blank has visited
Hongkong once before, three
years ago, when she gave a
series of demonstration recitals
on Radio Hongkong.In this coming broadcast, she
will play works by Scarlatti and
Turina."Monday Recital" is at 9.15
p.m.Tonight from 11.30 until
12.20, Radio Hongkong will be
relaying a commentary on the
second half of the Rugby Inter-
national between Wales and
England at Cardiff Arms Park.Disc Jockey meets Disc
Jockey on Radio Hongkong's
now famous Desert Island in
today's edition of "Castaway's
Choice", when Ted Thomas in-
vites to the microphone the
popular Nick Kendall, whose
arrival in the Colony some three
and a half years ago set a new
pattern for the presentation of
light and popular music.With Vic Banerjee, HIS
2.30 JACK PEARSON, HIS
2.45 JACK PEARSON, HIS
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11.45 JACK PEARSON, HIS
12.00 JACK PEARSON, HIS

7.00 TIME SIGNAL.

7.15 THE NEWS.

7.30 COCKTAIL TIME.

7.45 PERSONAL CHOICE.

8.00 A programme of poetry selected
and introduced by J. D.
Prestley.8.15 HENRY GOODMAN & HIS
SEXTET.

8.30 THEIR FINEST HOUR.

8.45 "Operation Dynamo".

9.00 TIME SIGNAL.

9.15 THE NEWS & HOME NEWS
FROM BRITAIN.

9.30 MONDAY RECITAL.

By Freda Blank (piano).

9.45 MUSIC FROM THE CON-
TINENT.

10.15 VINTAGE GOONS.

Ronald Buge & His Orchestra.

10.30 FORN EVENING SERVICE.

Conducted by the Rev. W. D.
Fyfe-Williams, R.A.F.

10.45 WEATHER REPORT.

11.00 TIME SIGNAL.

11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.

11.30 WEATHER REPORT.

11.45 MUSIC FROM THE OR-
CHESTRA.Hugo Dalton (Mandoline) ac-
companied by Ernest Lush
(piano).12.00 BILLY COTTON BAND
SHOW.

12.15 "STAMES FORSYTE".

Adapted by Muriel Levy from
"A Modern Comedy" by John
Galsworthy (Part 3).

12.30 MUSIC FROM HOLLAND.

The Concertino Orchestra.

Conducted by Jos Clever.

12.45 TIME SIGNAL.

1.00 SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.15 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

Academic Festival Overture Op. 80
(Brahms) — The Concertgebouw Or-
chestra of Amsterdam, conducted by
Edvard van Bejnum. (Piano).

1.30 WEATHER REPORT.

1.45 MUSIC FROM THE OR-
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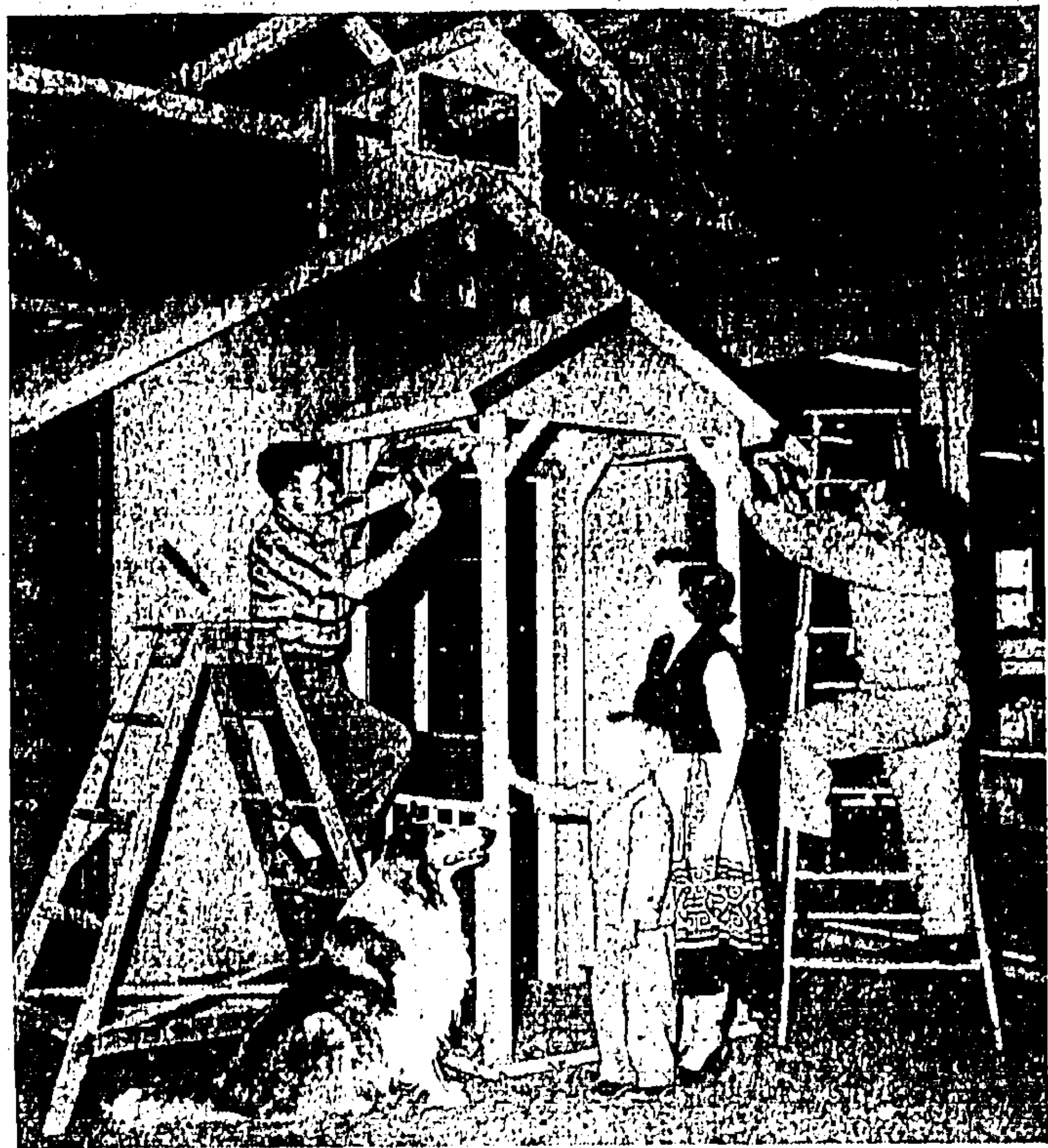
The Concertino Orchestra.

Conducted by Jos Clever.

12.20 TIME SIGNAL.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

THEY STILL HAVE TO GO TO SCHOOL



A real school, complete to bell and teacher, has been constructed for John Provost and Todd Ferrell, the little boys on the Lassie TV programme. California law requires that children attend school while appearing in films, so the producers built an actual "little red schoolhouse" on the set for the boys. Their teacher is Mrs. Catherine Deeney. The picture shows Lassie, John Provost and Mrs. Deeney watching two workmen (on ladders).

Monument To A Sea Gull

LARRY Hunt, had never seen the ocean until he came East to visit his Uncle John at Nantucket and the days never seemed long enough to do the things he wanted to. He loved to sit on the shore and watch the gulls.

"I wish we had sea gulls back home," he said one morning to his Uncle as they sat on the end of the wharf fishing, "but I suppose they have to live near the ocean."



North. Arctic explorers often write about them. The rosy gulls, they are called. Their entire body is a soft, bluish pink, and they wear a dainty grey collar around their necks.

"Do you suppose I'll ever see a rosy gull, Uncle John?" Larry asked rather wistfully.

"I can't say as to that, my boy," said Uncle John, reclining in his line and getting ready to leave, "but if you do, you'll have to go a lot farther from home than you are now."

—JANE GATES

Lake Game Refuge in South Dakota," Uncle John said. "There are 300,000 Franklin gulls out there. They saved the crop one year by eating up a plague of locusts, and the farmers built this monument to them. And whenever one arrives today, he gets a warm welcome from everyone, as you might expect."

"What makes them so interesting?" Larry asked.

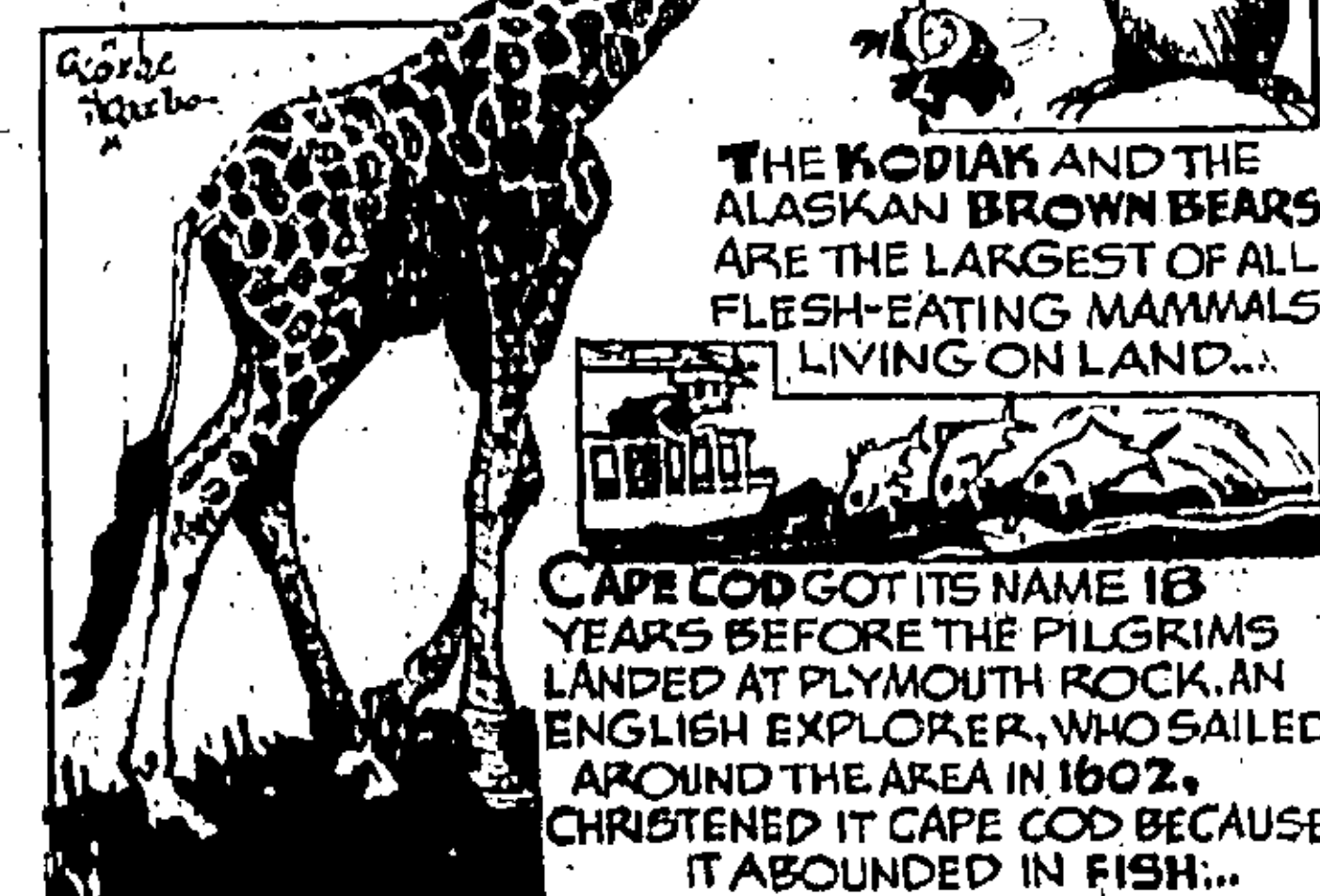
"Well, for one thing, they have had a monument erected to them."

"Goodness, whatever could a gull do to get a monument?" Larry laughed at the very idea. "I thought no one but people like George Washington and Lincoln ever had monuments," he said.

"You'd see a gull monument if you went out to the Sand

4010454101

A FULL-GROWN BULL GIRAFFE WILL MEASURE AS MUCH AS 19 FEET IN HEIGHT...



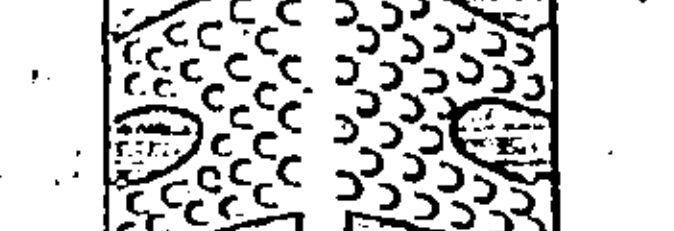
HOW TO MAKE A CLAY DOG

1. ROLL A LARGE CHUNK OF WATER CLAY INTO A SLAB WITH A ROLLING PIN.

2. ROLL OUT A SLAB ABOUT 8 INCHES SQUARE AND 1/4 INCH THICK... THEN WITH A PARING KNIFE DRAW THE DOG TO LOOK AS IF HE IS COMPLETELY FLATTENED OUT.

3. CUT AWAY SHADED PARTS AND PRESS END OF HAIR PIN INTO CLAY TO MAKE HAIR... MAKE EYES WITH A PENCIL POINT... LET IT DRY UNTIL CLAY IS FIRM BUT NOT STIFF.

4. PICK UP CLAY AND SHAPE LIKE THIS... LET IT HARDEN.



5. CUT AWAY SHADED PARTS AND PRESS END OF HAIR PIN INTO CLAY TO MAKE HAIR... MAKE EYES WITH A PENCIL POINT... LET IT DRY UNTIL CLAY IS FIRM BUT NOT STIFF.

6. PICK UP CLAY AND SHAPE LIKE THIS... LET IT HARDEN.



7. CUT AWAY SHADED PARTS AND PRESS END OF HAIR PIN INTO CLAY TO MAKE HAIR... MAKE EYES WITH A PENCIL POINT... LET IT DRY UNTIL CLAY IS FIRM BUT NOT STIFF.

FUN IN THE KITCHEN

THREE little girls wanted something to do. Sara and Molly and Elizabeth Lou. They went to their mother and said, "Mother dear, we've put our dollies to bed, we've sprinkled your flowers, the kittens are fed. Can you tell us what we can find to do now?" Their mother said, "Yes, I can. I'll show you how."

Mother began to set out some flour, some shortening, sugar, also some cream; then came eggs, spices, and raisins, the soda was next, then a big mixing basin. "It looks like a cake," exclaimed Molly, in glee. "No,"

said her mother, "it's going to be a batch of spice cookies, when it is all done." The girls clapped their hands and cried, "That will be fun!"

They had to take turns; first the shortening was creamed, then the sugar mixed with it. "I never dreamed I could break eggs," said Molly, "without any trouble." She stirred them in the mixture. They all watched it bubble. Raisins were chopped to fill a large cup; the soda went into the cream, was stirred up until foamy and fluffy. (Now all this was done after reading a page of the cookbook; each one must check on the measurements, know they were right.)

Flour was measured, last; it looked like fresh snow, but it melted away, beaten into the dough. The oven was hot, the pans greased and ready; each girl, in her turn, with a hand that was steady, dropped the dough from a spoon, so that each one could say, "I am learning to bake. I made cookies today." It was true, from the very first, each had a share in the work; Mother said that was only fair.

Just about dinner time Daddy came in. He carried a package, and wore a big grin. Vanilla ice cream, all they could eat; a reward for their labours, it was Daddy's treat.

"Nine o'clock! Time good cookies were asleep," Daddy said, so they kissed him goodnight, and went upstairs to bed. "My nuns are so tired," said Elizabeth Lou. "So are mine," replied Sara. Molly said, "Mine too." Three weary cooks were soon ready for bed.

Three - D Pictures You Can Make

ORDINARY pictures have only two dimensions, length and width. You do not see the depth. In stereoscopic pictures you see length, width, and depth.

How would you like to make 3-D pictures? They are simple to make and you will have lots of fun.

You need two sheets of thick glass. They should be at least one quarter of an inch thick; four inches wide; and about seven inches in length. Glass shelving or glass trays will do the trick.

Start with a simple idea such as an automobile along a country highway. Cut out a picture of an automobile from your

newspaper or a magazine. You will next cut out a picture of a country road, some trees, and even a man walking.

On the bottom face of your first sheet of glass paste the picture of the country road.

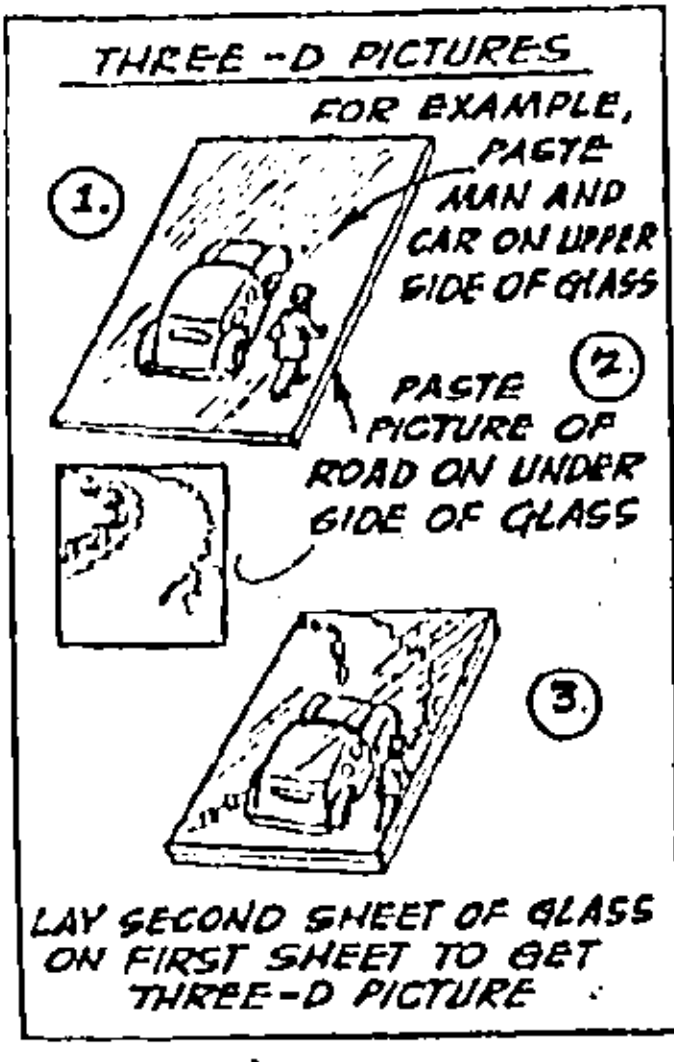
Then on the top face of the same sheet of glass paste the picture of the automobile and a man walking. Then cover with the other sheet of glass. Look through it and at once you will have a real 3-D picture. Because one picture is pasted away from the other, you get the feeling of depth. Now to hold the two sheets of glass together, use scotch tape or any other similar binding and tape around the sides. You can bend a piece of cardboard and tape

to the back of your picture. It will support it on your desk. Or you can attach a hook and keep it on your wall. Or you may even frame it.

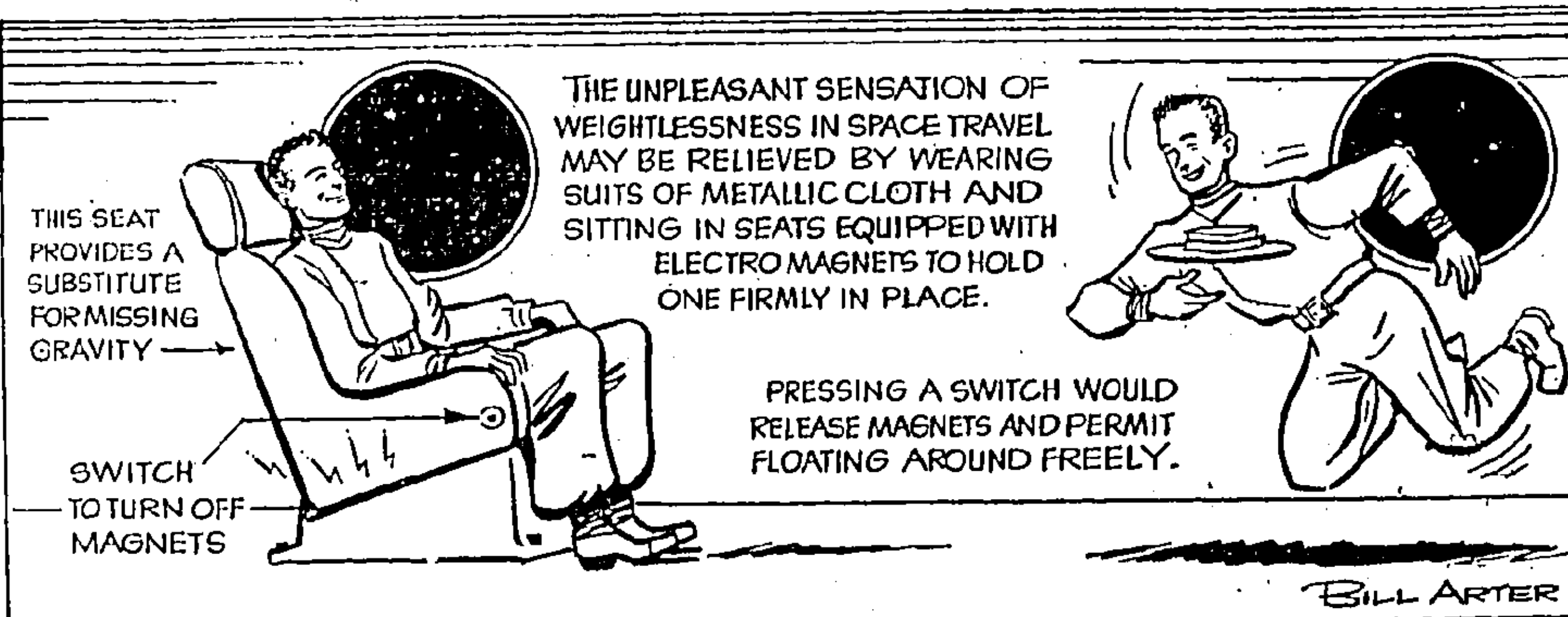
You can also use thick sheets of clear plastic instead of glass. Which ever is the cheaper, the glass or the plastic, is the one you should purchase.

You can also make 3-D photographs of yourself. Cut out your picture from a snapshot and for the background use a scene in Africa. Make yourself an explorer. Or you can have yourself talking to your favorite movie star or sports player.

It is possible to also paste a picture on top of the surface of your second glass. Before you do this, practise using the bottom glass.



ABOUT ARTIFICIAL GRAVITY



Noises At Midnight

—Things-In-The-House Hold A Meeting—

By MAX TRELL

THERE was a big meeting in this house last night. Christopher Cricket was saying to Knarf and Handi, the Shadows with the Turned-About Names. "It took place after everybody in the house was fast asleep."

Puzzled Expressions

There were puzzled expressions on the faces of the two Shadows as they heard these words from Christopher Cricket. As usual he was spending the winter months in his favourite winter quarters.

Where were Christopher Cricket's winter quarters? They were behind a loose brick in the fireplace.

Every morning Christopher Cricket came out from behind his loose brick. Seeing Knarf and Handi sitting in the room, he had come over to talk with them.

"But, Christopher," Handi said, "if everyone in the house was asleep, how could they hold a meeting?"

"I didn't say they held a meeting," Christopher Cricket said. "I said there was a big meeting."

"But who held the meeting?" Knarf asked.

Christopher Cricket crossed four or five of his legs.

Watching The Moonlight

"I'll tell you," he said. "It was about twelve o'clock. I was sitting in the middle of this room watching the moonlight coming in through the window when all at once, right in the middle of all the quietness, I heard a voice saying:

"All right, chums, they've all gone to sleep now. You can stretch yourselves as much as you please."

"The next second," Christopher continued, "I heard a Board in the Floor start creaking."

"Oh," said Handi, "Board was stretching itself!"

"That's what it was," said Christopher. "But there was more to it than that. Right after Board started creaking, I heard the Door Hinges also start creaking. And while all this was going on, I heard some noises coming from outside the Window. It was the Shutter banging."

Regular Meeting

"Yes," Christopher Cricket went on, "it was a regular meeting of Things-In-The-House. None of the Things paid any attention to me at all. I don't even think they knew I was there. I heard Door speaking to the rest of his friends."

"You might as well go ahead, make all the noise you like," Door said.

"I'd like to complain about something," said the Shutter. "The children run up and down me a hundred times a day. I don't mind being stepped on but it hurts when they jump on me. I wish they'd stop."

Then the Board in the Floor all started speaking at once: "You've got nothing to complain about, Shutter. We're the ones that got jumped on. One of us got broken last week and the carpenter had to come and fix us. You should have seen the way he hit us with a hammer."

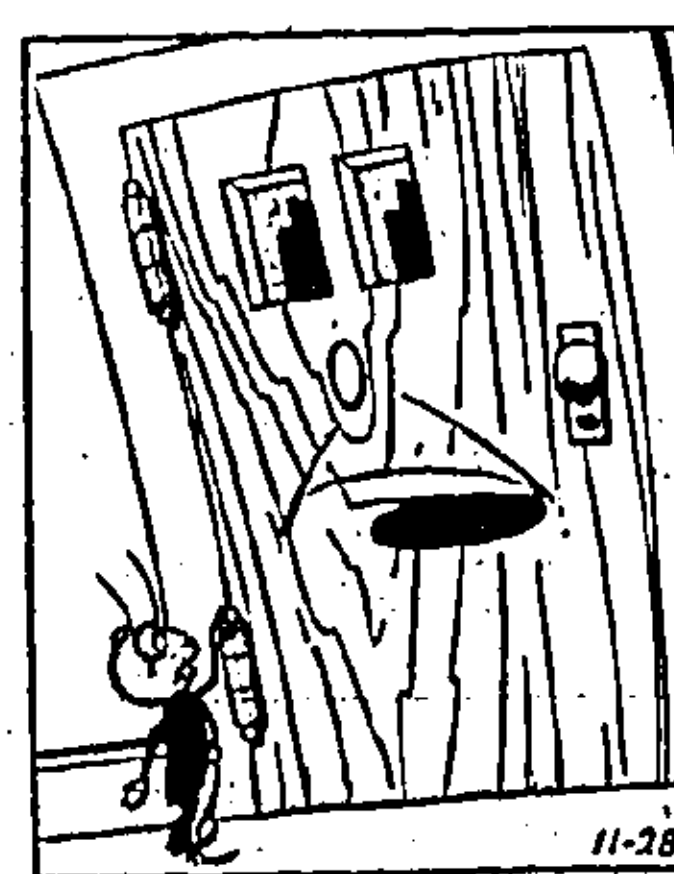
"Then the old Door spoke: 'I don't think any of you fellows ought to do any complaining. You're all kept neat and clean. You're swept and you're polished. You're all good and strong. A little jumping-on may shake you up a bit but it's not going to hurt too much. And even if you get a little broken, the carpenter can always fix you.'"

What About Me?

"But what about me?" called the Shutter from outside. "The wind is making me bang against the House."

"Just hook yourself back," said the old Door. "And you'll be as firm as a rock."

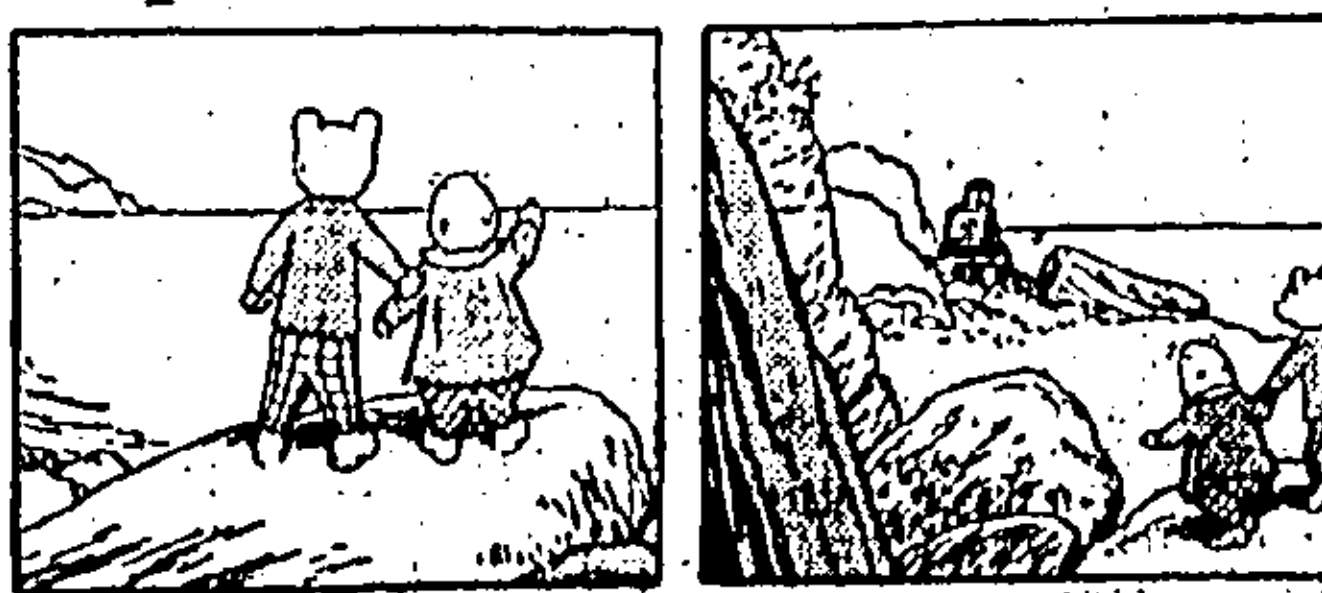
"But of course," Christopher Cricket said to Knarf and Handi, "the Shutter couldn't hook himself back at all. So he kept banging against the House all night long. I don't really think he minded making all that noise except that it



Finally woke up Father who had to come down and fix the hook himself.

"And that," said Christopher Cricket as he went back to his place behind the loose brick, "is what happened last night when all the Things-In-The-House held a meeting."

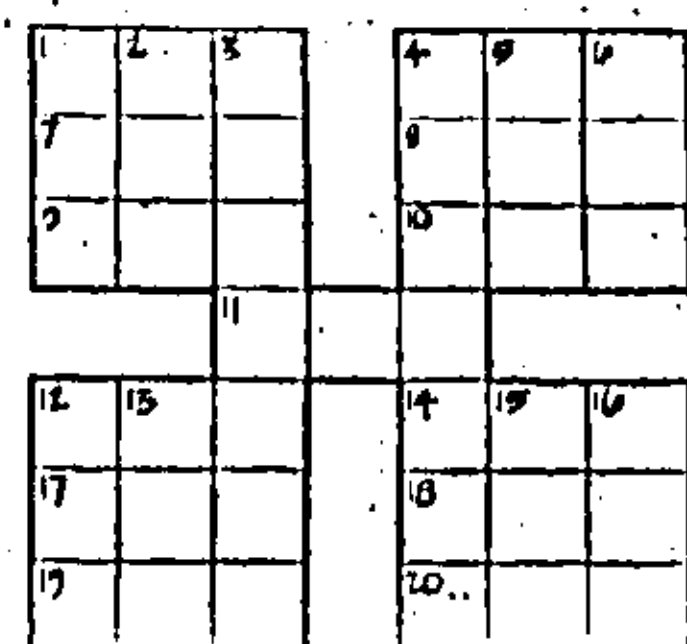
Rupert and the Secret Boat



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Match wits with Puzzle Pete:

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- Light touch
- Her
- Courtesy title
- Important metal
- Anger
- Colour
- Animal
- Qualified
- Deed
- Falshood
- Cow's cry
- Conducted
- Plippen

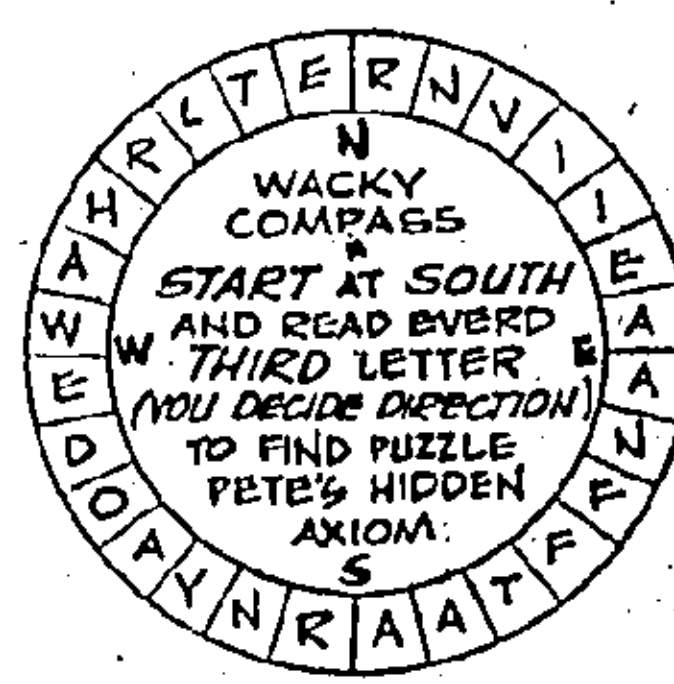
DOWN

- Greek letter
- Atmosphere
- Played host to
- Rivers
- Hasten
- Conclusion
- Every one
- Pasty
- Folding bed
- Plaything

BEHEADINGS

Behead "by oneself" and have "solitary"; behead this and have "first number"; repeat and have "a campus point".

WACKY COMPASS



WHAT'S WRONG?

Cartoonist Cal has made several mistakes in Puzzle Pete's picture. Can you find them all?



TRIANGLE

Puzzle Pete has hung his word triangle from a PARTNER. The second word is "Idol-boat", third "Fule's lover", fourth "a woody plant", fifth "a beginner", and sixth "a boy's nickname." Can you finish the triangle from these clues?

PARTNER

A
R
T
I
C
L
E

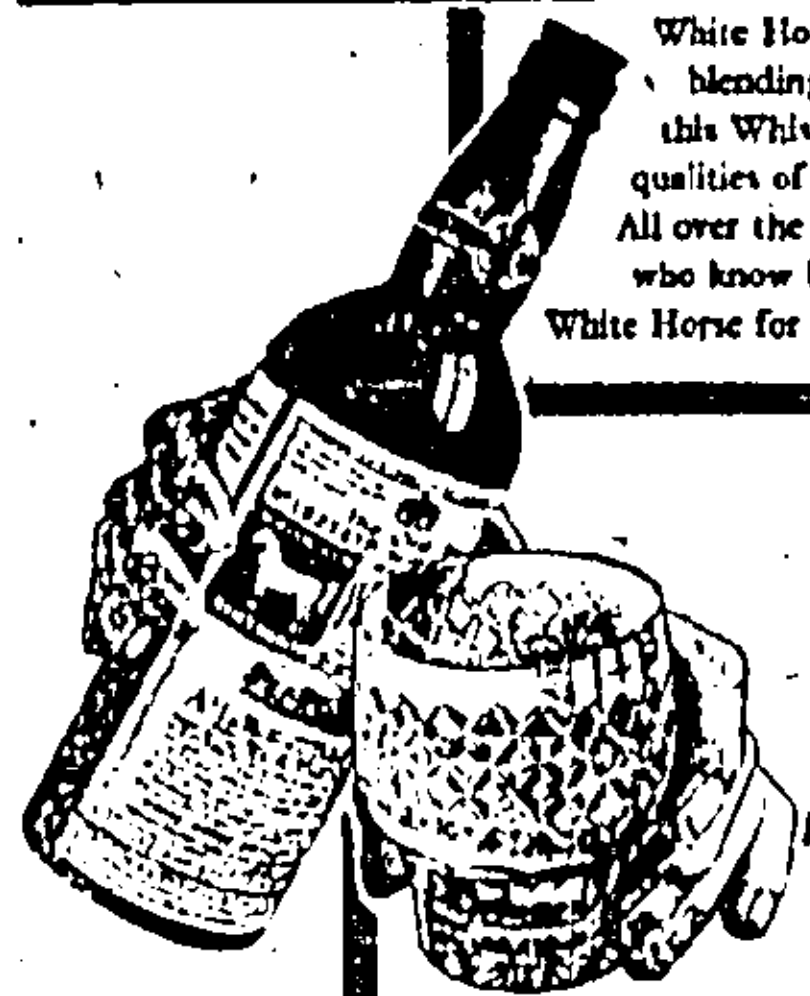
(Solutions on Page 20)

Did You Know?

Water was once sold in the streets of America? In 1818, peddlers in New Orleans charged 1/4¢ a bottle for four bushels!



Greet your friends with a Whisky worthy of their friendship—White Horse. Skillful blending has given this Whisky the rare qualities of excellence. All over the world men who know best choose White Horse for preference.



WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky

Distributors: JARDINE, MATHISON & CO., LTD.

THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

7TH RACE MEETING

Saturday 17th and Saturday 31st January, 1959

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)
THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 18 RACES
The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. each day.
The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBER'S ENCLOSURE

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED.
All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable prior to the Meeting from the Club's Cash Sweep Offices, at Queen's Building, Chater Road, D'Almeida Street and Nathan Road, Kowloon, only on the written introduction of a Member, and on production of his Guest Record Card. Members are limited to 6 guests each Race Day, and will be responsible for all guests introduced by them.

GUEST BADGES WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 72811).

The 6th Floor is restricted to Members, and Ladies wearing Lady's Brooches.

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western Standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS and REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employers' boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths or Pay Out Booths in the Enclosures.

CASH SWEEPS

Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$10.00 each per day and \$32.00 each for both days may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on the day of the Race Meeting.

Particular numbers within the series 1 to 3,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 3,000.

In the case of two-day Race Meetings, Through Tickets may be purchased for each day of the Meeting provided that the second day is on a date not less than five days after the first day. In all other cases Through Tickets will only be sold for the whole Meeting.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 16th January, 1959, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription also the right to remove any name from Subscription Lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the Special Cash Sweep on the Pearce Memorial Cup, scheduled to be run on 14th February, 1959 may be obtained from the Club Sweep Offices at:—Queen's Building (Chater Road) and 5, D'Almeida Street, Hong Kong on:—

Mondays to Fridays 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Saturday 10th and Saturday 24th January, 1959 9 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

Saturday 17th and Saturday 31st January, 1959 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

King's Road, North Point, Hong Kong and 382 Nathan Road, Kowloon on:—

Mondays to Fridays 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

Saturday 10th and Saturday 24th January, 1959 9 a.m. to 11.45 a.m.

Saturday 17th and Saturday 31st January, 1959 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER, NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN. PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
A. E. ARNOLD,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 10th January, 1959.

MOST EXCITING GAME OF RUGBY SEASON TODAY?

RAF Have Fighting Chance To Overcome Hexangular Tournament Leaders

By PAK LO

Although there are only two Hexangular games scheduled for this afternoon, the Club - Police match having been postponed until Monday evening at 7.00 p.m. on the Club ground, one of this afternoon's matches may prove the most exciting of the season so far.

The RAF meet Army North on the Army ground in Boundary Street at 3.00 p.m., and the RAF with an influx of new blood and the return of some of their stronger players who have been on the injured list for some time, have more than a fighting chance of overcoming the Tournament leaders.

Following this at 4.15 p.m. on the same ground, Army South strengthened by the inclusion (at last) of some of the Whitefield Wanderers face a much weakened Navy XV, while in the minor match of the day at Kai Tak, Club "B" face RAF "B".

With Coombes now fit, and newcomer Hughes automatically taking his place beside Martin in the centre after his fine showing mid-week, the almen have now one of the fastest three lines in the Colony.

The Big Snag

Their halves have proved quite good of late and if the forwards can only get the ball back with any regularity the speed of this three line will see the almen rack up a fine victory. And that of course is the big snag.

Army North could play most of its games with anyone behind the pack for throughout they have relied on their forwards' undoubted abilities to win the game for them. Certainly in Phillips they have a wonderful scrum-half, and one who could easily lead the three to victory but he has become used to playing to his forwards, and this could be dangerous today.

The almen, mid-week, surprised the Police in the lineouts, and if they even hold their own today they will have a good chance of winning.

Main Dangers

The scrums should come out about even but in the loose Hill and Whitmore are the main dangers, for given a chance they can and will upset the RAF halves before they get a chance to get their three moving.

Defensively there is little to choose between the two teams, and on paper Army North can not lose, but on this very hard dry ground, an open game by the RAF is the answer, and against all predictions this column backs the almen to upset the mighty Army North.

In the other Hexangular Army South have made just enough inclusions from the Wanderers to make all the difference in their XV. They have put Elliott at fly-half, Davies in the centre of the three, and Tunbridge into the second row. Elliott is just the man to get what has always been a good three line moving into the attack, with his fast breaks through the centre, for the three are fast but somehow have never managed to get together mainly due to greediness by the halves.

'Scraping The Barrel' Tunbridge will stiffen the forwards in the lineouts, and the Navy is doing its 'scraping the barrel' routine again it is neither as strong as usual in the three or halves as it has been of late.

The Navy forwards are still strong enough to do a lot of damage and with their good hooker should get against Lowe, a fair share of the ball. But this will not be enough, as the Navy will need the lion's share to stop this Army South team today.

This without doubt will be an open game, for neither side can afford to keep it closed up, and Army South should win.

At Kai Tak the RAF "B" are a much stronger XV than usual and obviously plan to play an open game with Radcliffe at full back, for Radcliffe is a centre and will presumably be lying up to make the extra man.

Some of the newcomers to the RAF will be seen in action against Club "B" and especially in the forwards there are one or two good players.

Club "B" are trying Croucher as hooker, and their forwards are more experienced and more dangerous in the loose, as long as they remember the offside law.

The Club three line is quite fast, but much will depend on the combination of Addis and Tancock as the halves.

With Laville in the centre behind them they could be very dangerous, but are, a little slow off the mark and the RAF wing forwards Robinson and Burwood should upset them.

Overall, the almen look like having a slight advantage in practically all departments and should win, though Club "B" as usual can upset any prediction.

The Teams

RAF: Wilcox, Coombes, Martin, Hughes, Poyner, Lowe, Sample, Stear, Hill, Richard, Moss, Ahern, Bird, Haigh, Conway.

RAF "B": Radcliffe, Kelly, Sweating, Fitchett, McShane, Blake, Hewitt, Oman, Jones, Hoole, Straw, Wall, Robinson, Sengar, Burwood.

Army South: McDonald, Warrington, Embley, Davies, Sharp, Elliott, Birdsell, Chappel, Lowe, Lemage, Garnett, Tunbridge, Carney, Mander, Lees.

Club "B": Martin, I. Brown, Hutt, Laville, Heenan, Lochrie, Steward, Turner, Croucher, Spencer, Collinson, Barnes, D'Eath, Armstrong - Wright, Sank.

Army North: Leppard, Peasley, Webber, Jowett, Bodo-Cox, Phillips, Phillips, Morrison, McIntosh, Wilson, Muntz, Wynn, Whitmore, Hodge, Hill.

COURAGE—IT GIVES A WORLD TITLE HOPE FOR BOBBY NEILL

Crippled 3 times—the 'fighting fool' comes back

IF a gold medal was struck for the Most Courageous Sportsman of 1958, it would go to a heroic young lion from Scotland named Bobby Neill. For it is a threefold miracle of guts and willpower that this boy with fame in his fists—he fights the champion, Charlie Hill, for the British feather-weight title at Nottingham this month—CAN BOX AT ALL.....

Three times he has been the victim of crippling accidents. And three times he has been told he would never fight again.

Indeed, there are some people who call Robert Neill, ex-Rugby and cricket captain of Trinity Academy, Edinburgh, "a fighting fool."

"They say, after all I've been through, that I shouldn't be allowed to box," he told me last week, "that I'm crazy to throw punches for my daily bread."

"I realise, of course, that they are only trying to be helpful, yet I can't help regarding such remarks as a slight on my intelligence."

'Never So Fit' "I consider that I have enough old-fashioned Scottish common sense to know what I am doing, and I've never felt so fit in my life."

What exactly has the black-haired Bobby "been through" which evokes such a hubbub and hullabaloo—such criticism and alarm in the normally hard-bitten world of mail and brawl?

At the age of 17, soon after he had taken up boxing, he was cycling home one day when the whole of his left thigh was smashed in a collision with a careering motor-cycle.

After being on the operating table for eight hours, Bobby lay flat on his back for 18 months encased in plaster.

Slowly Bobby recovered. First he hobbled with crutches. Then he walked unaided. Finally—

Another Crash

But as a boxer, the battling Scot prospered. Tough, a calculating killer, looking, rolling and slipping punches to save his legs, the nonstop Neill fought his way to a featherweight eliminator—before another road accident brought him crashing down again.

In August, 1957, when he was driving home to Scotland, his car had the worst of an argument with a bus. His mangled left leg was again broken—this time at the knee.

In the hospital, the specialists, after operating, said firmly and decisively, "Forget boxing."

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

Wasn't The Money

"It wasn't the money," Bobby replied, "although that always helps. It was something in me."

"My ambition was to be a champion—and a champion I still intend to be."

And so, against the advice of practically everyone, Bobby

● BOBBY NEILL...
he can't run, he can't bend his knee fully, but he CAN fight

By ALAN HOBY

Neill, clever, educated, and the son of a good middle-class family, came back.

He started the slow, agonising build-up to fitness in the same way as before—with golf. For ten months he spared nothing.

Because it was his smashed left knee which needed strengthening, he carried his golf bag on his left shoulder.

Broke His Jaw

When he walked on the streets he always chose the canber, running from the left to right. And he sought the best advice.

Then he stormed back to the ring. In seven weeks he beat five opponents, including the best feather-weights in the country.

And this autumn his supreme ambition was granted. He was matched with the champion.

Nothing could stop him now—or could it? For just as he was set for the supreme moment in his career the luckless Scot broke his jaw.

Accident No. 3 happened in an unimportant fight at Strath-ham last September. For six weeks Bobby walked around with his chin wired up.

The little fight with his fellow Scot, Hill, was postponed to January 20—and once more the unhappy Neill had to endure a personal hell of suspense.

Two weeks ago, however, the fighting Scot was given the best news for years. He was passed fit for the fight of his life.

He was also told that if he beats the dour Hill, whom he stopped in one round two years ago, he will be given a fight next year for the world feather-weight title with the holder, Hogan Kid Bassy.

Not bad for a "hobbling" Scot who can't run, can't bend his knee more than 95 degrees, and, by every law of medicine and nature, should be doing some safe, sedentary job in an office....

—(London Express Service).



Headaches
Toothaches
Colds

are quickly overcome by

CAPASPIN

are quickly overcome by

—(London Express Service).

POP



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Of Football, Fisticuffs And Fond Farewells

The net has been cast. The hunt for evidence of professionalism in Hongkong football is now on. The catch is uncertain. But the sea rovers are hopeful.

Many people feel that the open appeal to the public to come forward with any information they may have is doomed to failure before it even gets started. The press appeal was maybe a necessary gesture but its value is doubtful because it has tended to have the opposite effect to that which was intended.

People who earlier talked about 'what they knew' have shut up like clams. They have even openly denied statements which they had made previously and they have only one current comment: "I know nothing."

This is not an unexpected reaction... but it should not lead anyone into a sense of false security for behind shielding hands big names are still being whispered.

Significant

It is significant, too, that these are not the names of amateurs. They are the names of some of the people who made... and make... undercover professionalism possible: the names in fact of people who are supposed to have provided some of the 'mystery' money that is alleged to reach players' pockets without passing through club books. The situation is steadily becoming more interesting. Watch for the blow-up. If it comes to a showdown it will be big... with a capital 'B'.

There is a familiar tang of leather and resin in the air. The Colony Boxing Championships are just around the corner and the energetic officials of the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association are working overtime to ensure that the 1959 competitions are staged in the efficient manner which has become a characteristic of ABA promotions.

The Colony's potential pugilistic champions are now living with one eye turned towards the calendar. Three dates are uppermost in their minds for they know they may have to be ready to take part in the preliminary bouts on Monday the 19th at the Missions to Seamen. They know too that semi-finals are scheduled to take place at the Southern Playground on the 21st and that the big night for the finals will be on Friday the 23rd at the same venue.

Even Better

The present indications are that the 1959 Championships will be even better than those that have gone before and with 30 entries already received there is obviously no lack of competitor interest.

Many prominent names have so far been registered and when one finds boxers like Fong Koo-kong, Don Bryan, Rex Williams and Tsang Chun-wah among the civilian entries and Heywood, Ashbrook, Dolg, Jordan and Innes among those from the Army the standard is obviously going to be good. The entry list will remain open until 2 o'clock on Monday when the weigh-in—

By I. M. MACTAVISH

which is from 1 to 2 p.m.—will be completed at the Missions to Seamen.

It is anticipated that there will be many more entries before the list finally closes and if you like a night at the ring-side you should make a special point of being at the special Championships. You can be assured of some first class fisticuffs and by your presence you will be giving the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association the material support it requires to carry on its good work.

By the way, at 7 o'clock of writing I understand that Henry Wong's name is not among those entries so far received. Personally I shall miss him from the ring... but nevertheless I hope, in his own interest, the old warrior will finally call it a day.

★ ★ ★

There is no greater asset in the length and breadth of amateur sport than the 'willing horse' official who gladly accepts responsibility and discharges his various duties with unflinching loyalty.

During the past three years Hongkong sports has been most fortunate in being able to call on the apparently indefatigable support of Major Dick Webb of the Royal Army Medical Corps. In a few days Dick will be on his way back to the United Kingdom and his departure will leave a gap that will take a lot of filling.

When I realised his tenure here was almost at its end, I started looking back over his many activities while he has been with us. It was an absorbing probe and I found myself wondering if there was a sportsman who had found the solution to the problem of elastic time... or one who had an unconventional watch which gave him a few extra hours each day.

Outstanding Referee

During his time here Dick has been a leading soccer referee, and I say that even if I—and the orange throwers—haven't always agreed with his decisions. He was certainly the outstanding referee of his time and whenever he was third man in the ring, the boxers knew they would be expertly handled and intelligently protected if the occasion so demanded.

But these were only two of his many interests. He was much sought after as a hockey umpire and he also found time to take a very active part in the organisation of six-a-side

hockey in Kowloon but, when the opportunity arose, he could be identified in his familiar red cap acting as starter at large and small athletic meetings staged by the I.K.A.A.A. and, of course, he has also carried out similar starting duties for big community events like the annual walkathon. That would seem to be a pretty full ration for anyone yet in the summer Dick was to be found on the side of the swimming pool refereeing water polo matches.

'Thank You'

Soccer, boxing, hockey, athletics and water polo have all had the benefit of his active assistance but in addition he was also a member of a number of important committees. On top of all that he somehow found time to write on many sporting subjects and broadcast on others.

His has indeed been a generous contribution to our sporting affairs. His whole-hearted endeavour has enriched many different games and athletic pursuits and until another equally 'willing horse' comes along we shall be the poorer for his departure. From sportsmen throughout the colony the salutation must be... thank you for a lot of hard work... bon voyage....

★ ★ ★

The news that the Brazilian football team will not now be coming to Hongkong is another bitter disappointment for Colony soccer fans.

Nowadays football is so international in nature that progress can only be achieved by meeting the star players from other countries and, with Brazil currently holding the coveted World Cup, there was a very special hope that this projected visit would materialise.

We are not having very much success in inducing visiting teams to come to our part of the world and it seems that Asian countries will have to develop a still closer liaison in order that European and Latin-American teams can be offered a Far East itinerary which is both practical and financially attractive.

Expensive Business

Moving a football party about the world is an expensive business and it is certainly not becoming any cheaper with the passing of time.

While that is true it is also a fact that, with our present stadium facilities we are better able than ever before to offer worthwhile inducements to touring teams. It would be

YACHTSMAN OF THE YEAR



A kiss from his wife for Owen Aisher, 57-year-old recipient of the Max Aitken Yachtsman of the Year Trophy.

Mr Aisher, whose yacht Evaine paced the America's Cup challenger Sceptre in her trials, announced at the award ceremony last week that at least four £35,000 yachts are to be built by Britain to take up the America's Cup challenge in 1961.—London Express Photo.

a great mistake and a very false economy if we were to look at the present tough market through old-fashioned rose coloured glasses. Short sighted thinking almost denied Colony fans the chance of seeing Blackpool—and Stanley Matthews—in action on the Hongkong stadium. Later, when one heard the huge financial harvest which accrued to the I.K.A.A. from the two games the English side played, all the financial haggling and wrangling which took place in the weeks before the visit seemed rather shallow and miserly.

Desperately Needs

Hongkong football desperately needs the stimulant the visit of a top class side would give. With the current downward trend in the standard of our soccer we need the uplift more now than ever before.

If the expenditure of a little more money on the one hand, and closer liaison with our Asian neighbours on the other,

will end the prevailing football famine then by all means let us have a bit of each. In recent years our official representatives have travelled all over the globe attending important international football meetings. They have frequently come back with story-fairy tales about the wonderful contacts they had made and the great plans they had laid. It made nice reading at the time but it has produced absolutely nothing. It's about time it did... or we shall be tempted into the belief that we send the wrong people to these international get-togethers.

★ ★ ★

... finally a "tale-wagger". THE quote of the week "Our present poor standard of football is due to the fact that the players are worried because their livelihood is being investigated!!!" (anon).

SOUTH AMERICANS PLAN WORLD CLUB SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP

By DEREK JOHN

Arsenal versus Botafogo of Brazil and Manchester United versus The River

Plate of Argentine—such matches are the exciting prospect opened up by a

move to launch a world club soccer championship.

It would link up with the European Cup, which has proved to be the greatest money spinner soccer has yet devised.

Jose Ramos de Freitas, President of the South American Confederation, has already secured support for the project from Brazil, the World Cup holders, Argentina, Uruguay, Peru, and Chile.

The South Americans start their own club championships this year along the lines of the European Cup, and the proposal is that the winners from each Continent should play off in a final, one year in South America and the next in Europe.

The world title could come into being in 1960. Meanwhile, the European champions are to be invited to play against the Brazilian champions next summer.

Jet flights across the Atlantic in six or seven hours have solved the transport problem, and there are no financial difficulties.

Henry Longhurst On Golf—MATTER OVER MIND

Where do the great golfers "go" first? It is Henry Cotton's theory, based on observation of others as well as himself, that they "go" first in the legs.

Speaking as one who has long since "gone" almost everywhere, I cannot argue with this theory, and indeed I expect it is right, but I am sure that in the purely golfing sense what "goes" first is the short putting.

The holing-out putt is the only shot in golf which, once missed, cannot be retrieved. A man may continue to play as well as ever he did. What demotes him from the top flight is the second eleven, in the five-footer which slips round the hole instead of going in. It does not take many of them. One per round is enough.

At Long Last

Time at long last has now overtaken none other than Ben Hogan in this fashion. I do not wish to be quoted as saying that he has what Americans call the "yips" and we the "stiggers" or the "jitters," but the most iron-willed man in golf now knows for the first time what it is to have the impulses of the brain when it comes to tapping the ball into the hole from a few feet.

He tends, poor fellow, to haul them round to the left and sometimes even fails to reach the hole. He thought it was something to do with his method—and who was I to disillusion so great a man?

So I told him how I had once written an article on the subject and a doctor correspondent had offered to explain it all. Everything depended, he said, on the angle of the right elbow. There were times, he went on, though I cannot, of course, confirm this personally, when a man would actually have difficulty in raising a glass. He could hold it at arm's length, or close under the chin, but the intervening passage was fraught with tremor. My doctor friend then made the appalling revelation—and,

If you have any "budding" musicians in the household, tear off this page in case they read it—that violinists get it! They can do the delicate bits with the arm at full stretch or the twiddly bits under the chin, but when it came to the bits in the middle—with the elbow angled as it is, when you come to think of it, in putting—they get the twitch and nearly saw the thing in half.

The truth is, I fancy, that Hogan's present shortcomings have nothing to do with physical methods at all. They often say in America that you cannot reach the top in professional golf unless you are "hungry." You can, of course, be hungry physically, mentally or financially—and Hogan, though he has known them all in his time, is none of them.

I have always agreed with another theory of Cotton's, namely, that mind does influence matter, and that, in order to hole a vital short putt, you have got to exert an immense amount of will-power as well as physical skill. This intense effort needs the spur of an equally intense ambition. When you have had all that the game has to offer, this ambition simply isn't there.

Perfectionist

Nevertheless, its absence may bring much happiness to Ben Hogan of a kind which perhaps he has never known before. No man ever dedicated himself to perfection with the same single-minded devotion. He became, and remains, austere and almost ascetic. You will never see him, for instance, in the bleary clothing affected by so many American golfers. It is shots that count, not shirts.

Similarly, he drives an "ordinary" motor-car—because, if I read his mind aright, he would hate anyone to think that he thought they would think more highly of him for riding about with idiotic great tail fins. In his clubmaking factory he can do every job better than anyone else employed on it and has probably turned down more highly of him for riding about with idiotic great tail fins. In his clubmaking factory he can do every job better than anyone else employed on it and has probably turned down more highly of him for riding about with idiotic great tail fins. In his clubmaking factory he can do every job better than anyone else employed on it and has probably turned down more highly of him for riding about with idiotic great tail fins.

Hogan has all the where-withal a man is likely to need and an enviable reputation for inflexible straightforwardness in business dealing. Life has now one further blessing to offer. He can settle down and enjoy a game of golf. So long, that is, as he does not recover his putting.

MINE OWN EXECUTIONER

The referee failed to turn up for a recent amateur soccer match in Czechoslovakia between Nymburg and Sokol Horatev.

Both sides agreed that the Nymburg centre-half, Brzdva, should take charge, as well as play in the game.

Doubts about his impartiality were swept aside when he awarded a penalty against himself. Afterwards, he continued as referee—from the touch-line.

He could not remain on the field because, besides awarding a penalty for his foul, he had sent himself off!—London Express Service.

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EXIT

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
Skrip

Archie Moore's Big Decision RING WORLD ASTOUNDED

London, Jan. 16.
The decision of the "Old man of the ring," Archie Moore — world light heavyweight champion — to stake his claim as heavyweight challenger by fighting Britain's Henry Cooper shook big-time fight promoters here today.

America's Cup Challenge

London, Jan. 16.
Six new organisations are planning a British challenge for the America's Cup in 1961, the Daily Telegraph's yachting correspondent reports.

The correspondent says that at least four new 12-metre yachts are likely to be built and will probably be racing together in 1960.

Stronger

This would greatly strengthen a future challenge, he adds.

Britain challenged unsuccessfully for the America's Cup last September when the yacht Scimitar was beaten by the Columbia, the United States defender, in four straight races off Rhode Island. — China Mail Special.

But Henry Cooper's manager Jim "The Bishop" Wicks gave a swift acceptance — under the guarantee that "Old Father Time" (his name for Moore) deposited the promised cash with the British Boxing Federation.

Wicks suggested in the meanwhile, that world champion Floyd Patterson and Sweden's European champion, Ingemar Johansson should fight for the title.

Then the victor of the Cooper-Moore fight—he said—should be thrust into the ring with the world champion.

Wary

Meanwhile Britain's "Mr. Boxing," Jack Solomons, who was thinking solely in terms of a Cooper-Johansson bout, said today that the Cooper-Moore proposition interested him. But fight circles here are wary of the Moore bombshell. They are asking: "Is Archie Moore's offer a manoeuvre to force Patterson to decide on his next challenger more quickly?" — France-Press.

Table Tennis

Newport, Jan. 16.
England beat Wales 9-1 in a table tennis international here tonight. — Reuters.

May Rests From State Match

Melbourne, Jan. 16.
Peter May rests from the MCC team to meet Victoria in the four-day match starting here tomorrow.

May, who is taking a week's holiday in Sydney, is one of six England men who step down after the third Test match in Sydney.

Colin Cowdrey takes over the captaincy.

The team is: Colin Cowdrey, captain; Peter Richardson, Arthur Milton, Ted Dexter, Raman Subba, Row, Willie Watson, Frank Tyson, Freddie Trueman, Peter Loader, Roy Swainman, John Mortimore.

Mr. F. Brown, the MCC manager, said May's holiday had been planned before the party left England.

The other Sydney Test men rested are Trevor Bailey, Tom Graveney, Jim Laker, Tony Lock and Brian Statham.

Finger Sore

Laker's spinning finger is still sore, and Mr. Brown said Laker and Lock would probably be rested for the two State matches before the Fourth Test.

This would mean John Mortimore carrying the spin burden. Victoria will be without their opening batsman and captain, Colin McDonald, and fast bowler, Ian Meekiff.

Both were injured in the Sydney Test.

The State, who will be captained by wicketkeeper Len Maddocks, are including Colin Guest, a 20-year-old right arm fast bowler.

The Victorian team is: M. Maddocks (captain), N. Crompton, A. Aylett, J. Shaw, J. Potter, I. Huntingdon, W. Lawry, I. Quick, L. Kline, J. Edwards, C. Guest. — Reuters.

Father Murdered Children

Douai, Jan. 16.
A 37 years old labourer, Jules Villon, was sentenced to death today for murdering his two children.

Villon heard the verdict without any show of emotion. The children, to whom he had apparently been extremely devoted, were the offspring of a common law marriage with Olga Meerhout, with whom he lived after the death of his first wife.

Mlle. Meerhout, in trouble with the law, was imprisoned, and from prison she applied to deprive Villon of custody of the children. Believing he would lose them, Villon killed them. — France-Press.

Husband Attended Child's Birth: No Offence Found

Bury St. Edmunds, Jan. 16.
A radio technician who lives in a caravan was discharged here today on a charge of attending his wife in childbirth when not under the direction and supervision of a doctor.

Mr. Charles Jefferson, prosecuting, said that it was an offence for anyone not a certified midwife to attend a woman in childbirth unless under the direction and supervision of a general practitioner.

The technician Owen Wynne Roberts, 27, pleaded guilty to the charge.

He had told the superintendent midwife at the County Health Department that only he was present when the baby was born.

Mr. J. Ashton, defending, said the wife, Sheila Marie Roberts, unfortunately a rather strong willed young lady, told a doctor she wanted her husband present at the birth.

First Child

The doctor did not approve of that, so she decided she would not have any medical attention when the child was born, and said she would rely on her husband.

They had been married two years and this was their first child. Mr. Ashton added, Dr. D. A. McCracken, West Suffolk medical officer of health, said later: "The case was brought to show the public that there is this law." — China Mail Special.

Snow Ruins U.K. Sport

London, Jan. 16.
Ice, snow and frost have rendered playing fields in many parts of Britain unplayable and wrought havoc with the weekend sporting fixtures.

So far, 30 of the 64 matches in the English and Scottish football leagues have been postponed. — China Mail Special.

REDIFFUSION

11 a.m. "The Mouth of God"—Story Of Gladiolus Savonola. 12. Time: 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Mile—David Jr. Don Mondo and Andy Russell. 1. Dick Hyman Plays Music Of Noel Coward. 1.35. Weather Report, News and Special Announcements. 1.50. 1959 Agricultural Show — Governor's Speech and Commentary. 2. Saturday Requests—Presented by Nick Kendall. 3. Year By Year—Song His Of 1941. 3.30. Fast Temple and The Spencer Affair—Final Episode: "A Party Of Four." 4. Songs Of The Prairie. 4.30. Rhythm Parade. 5. Unit Requests—Presented by Audrey. 6. Birthday Mailbag. 6.55. Melody Magic. 7.00. Meet The Stars—Kate Smith and Hank Thompson. 7.15. Time Signal and News. 7.30. Weather Forecast. Announcements and Interlude. 7.45. Flash Times. 7.50. Jazz In Where You Find It—Presented by Bob Demuth. 8. Song Time—Lena Horne and Perry Como. 8.30. Voice Of Sport. 9. Hit Parade. 9.35. Music From Maxine. 10. "Barometer Rising"—Part 4. 10.50. I Remember When—Starring Paul Whiteman. 11.30. International Rugby—Wales v. England—Commentaries by G.V. Wynne-Jones and Rex Allmon on the Second Half of the Match at Cardiff Arms Park. Summaries by Wilf Wooller. 12.20 approx. Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m. "Highway Patrol." 2.25. The Eddie Cantor Show. 2.50. Radio-From The Hongkong Jockey Club. Commentator: John Pearce. 3.15. Children's Feature—"The Love Trap." 3. Children's Hour—Cartoons. 3.15. Puppets On A Stick by Calvin Wong. 3.30. Children's Film: "Tales of the Texas Rangers." 4. Close Down. 4.30. "You're With A Song" with Mona Tong and the Glencello Trio. 4.35. The Bob Cummings Show. 9. Newsworld. 9.15. "Sun" Starring Ann Sothern. Episode 33. "Viva L'amour." 9.40. Evening Feature—Richard Arlen in "Wild Cat." 11. Late Night Final.

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